

# THE FAR EAST.

A MONTHLY  
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VOL. VII

TOKIO

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# THE FAR EAST.

A MONTHLY  
ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL.

VOL. 7, No. 1.

TOKEI, JAPAN; JULY 31st, 1875.

## NARRATIVE OF THE REVIVAL OF ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

FUKKO-YUME MONOGATARI.

Freely translated for the *Far East*.

(Continued from August, 1874.)

### SECTION IX.

ON the 14th day of the eleventh month of 2nd year of Bunkin, Sanjo Saneyoshi and other kugé went up to the castle of Yedo as the ambassadors from the Emperor, and told the Shogun in the presence of his assembled court, that "the mind of the Mikado had been greatly disturbed ever since the foreign barbarians entered the Empire. In order to quiet his Majesty, the constitution must be reformed; and, in the spring, the Shogun must go up to Kioto to hold a consultation with the daimios."

The Shogun at once professed his willingness to acquiesce in the imperial wishes; and the ambassadors were entertained with becoming solemnity.

On the 7th day, they left Yedo attended by Mori Sadahiro at the head of a large body of retainers, and reached Kioto after a journey of seventeen days.

On the day of their return, Matsudaira Higo-no-kami, the prince of Aizu, entered the capital to fulfil the duties of Shoshidai.\*

On the 29th day of the same month, the Tokugawa Government appointed three men as instructors of foreign languages, and opened a school at Go-jinga-hara. This was the foundation of the Kaisei Gakko. Such a measure proved that the Government was not inclined to obey the Mikado's orders. But a proclamation that the Shogun was about to proceed to Kioto in the spring caused an excited shout of joy among those who were desirous of seeing the expulsion of barbarians from the empire.

Towards the end of this year, there assembled at Kioto, seventy of the large daimios and many hatamotos; so that the city could not accommodate them. They were obliged to occupy the monasteries and temples, whilst the samourai occupied the grounds or enclosure of the imperial palace, (Raku-chiu) and the suburbs (Raku-guwai). Kioto was never so crowded and so thriving, and everywhere life and activity were seen.

Yedo, on the other hand degenerated, and

\* Shogun's resident minister at the court of the Mikado.

whilst the Mikado's power was rising like the morning sun, that of the Tokugawa sunk gradually like the sunset.

On New Year's day, 3rd Bankin, the Mikado gave a grand reception to the daimios. Each one wore the ceremonial dress according to his rank. Each was attended by a numerous train of retainers; and the day wore a gala aspect such as it had never seen before. It was night before the receptions were over, and then the lanterns made it light as day.

But it was not so in Yedo. Everything there was dull and gloomy.

On the 6th day, the Russians came to Yedo, and announced to the Shogun that the English and French were preparing to attack Japan. He was struck with surprise, and without an hour's delay, ordered preparations to be made. Nabeshima Kanzo was appointed to the command of the military; Yamano-uchi Yodo, prince of Tosa, embarked at Yokohama for Kioto, and was quickly followed by Ogasawara, member of Gorojin, and other daimios, one of whom was Hitotsubashi Chiunagon, the guardian of the Shogun.

On the arrival of Hitotsubashi, he was surrounded by many persons, who pressed him to name a day for expelling the barbarians; but his reply was, that all would be settled on the Shogun's arrival. This dalliance aroused the anger of the enquirers to the highest pitch; and they seemed about to give way to riot and outrage, and even to an attack on Hitotsubashi himself. Most of the men were ronin.

There was an eminently learned man at Kioto, named Ike-uchi. He had at one time sided with the ronin; but subsequently became the friend of the crafty officers of the Shogun. This so enraged the ronin, that they murdered him in the most cold-blooded manner, and exposed his head on the Naniwabashi,\* after cutting off the two ears: one of which they sent to Nakayama Dainagon, and the other to Sanjo Chiunagon.† These two kugé, surprised at receiving such presents, resigned their offices, fearing lest they should share a similar fate.

The ronin, having tasted blood, appeared

\* Naniwa bridge. † Now Prime Minister.

to know not where to stop. They assassinated one Kugawa, and sent his head to Hitotsubashi, placing it on a *sambo*,\* and with it they forwarded a writing, as follows:—“Kugawa flattered the Tokugawa government, and, with many others, has been very arbitrary in the discharge of his duties; therefore he cannot escape the punishment of Heaven. This is an offering of the blood of an enemy to the Kami, to insure victory in driving out the foreign barbarians.” One of the murdered man's arms was sent to his own lord, Chikusa, the other to Iwakura. This was early in 1863.

The Kuambaku, Tadahiro, at this time resigned, and Takatsukasa succeeded him. The latter was pressed by the vassals of Mori† and Hosokawa, to fix a day for the attack on foreigners; but he replied in the same terms as Hitotsubashi had done.

In the 2nd month of this year, eight English war ships arrived off Yokohama. On the 18th of the same month, the Shogun left for Kioto, by the Tokaido, escorted by many daimios and about 3000 troops.

The ronin increased the vigour of their operations to such an extent as to cause some alarm to the Shogun himself. There were in one of the temples at Kioto, three wooden effigies much venerated by certain of the people, as being those of the three first Ashikaga Shoguns. On the 22nd day of this month, the ronins seized them, cut off the heads and exposed them in the stony bed of the Kamo-gawa, which is dry except at high water. By them a board was set up with this inscription:—“Minamoto no Yoritomo, the chief of bandits, and the generations of Hojo and Ashikaga strengthened themselves by robbery. Nothing can exceed our regret and mortification that these are not their living heads. But, in future, any one, who, like them discharges his duty unfaithfully, shall share this fate.” Thus was an indirect threat hurled at the Tokugawa government. Matsudaira Higo no Kami, shoshidai of Kioto, ordered his retainers to make vigorous search for the perpetrators of this atrocity. Many of the conspirators were imprisoned, some committed *kara-kiri*,

\* A stand on which offerings are made to the gods.

† Princes of Choshu and Higo.

but the majority escaped. Mori Sadahiro pleaded for them before the Mikado, and in spite of the opposition of the shoshidai and Yechizen Chiujo, succeeded in obtaining their pardon. This generosity caused the ronin to regard Mori as their lord, and his clan increased in power and importance from this time.

The shoshidai endeavoured to counteract the evil doings of the ronin, by issuing a proclamation offering all who would apply before a certain day, employment in the Shogun's service, to act, when the day was appointed, in the expulsion of foreigners; and as many enrolled themselves, the band became divided into two parties—those attached to the Shogun's service being called Shincho-gumi, or sometimes Mibu-gumi, from having been assembled in Mibu; whilst those who served the Prince of Mori were called Seigi ronin.

On the 19th day of the 2nd month, an English man-of-war anchored in the bay of Shinagawa. It was the bearer of a demand upon the government to pay 500,000 dollars, and on Kagoshima clan to pay 30,000 dollars as indemnification for Shimadzu Saburo's attack on the party of Englishmen at Namamugi in the previous year. The alternative was war. An answer was demanded within twenty days. As only a few members of Gorojiu were in Yedo at the time, much alarm was felt: and a request was made that the answer be waited for until the Shogun's return from Kioto.

On the 4th day of the 3rd month the Shogun arrived in Kioto, and took up his residence at the castle of Nijo, receiving every day fresh proofs of the increasing power of the Mikado.

#### SECTION X.

On the 7th day the Shogun went up to the palace of the emperor. According to the example of the third Tokugawa Shogun, Iyemitsu, he offered many valuable presents to His Majesty, and divided 63,000 rios to the members of the Court.

On the 11th the gods were propitiated by a special service for success in war against the barbarians. The Emperor devoted himself to the worship of Kamo Rioshiya, visit-

ing his temple attended by a vast number of kugé and samurai, all dressed in state costume.

Next day Shimadzu wrote to the Emperor, stating that he had carefully considered the state of affairs, and saw clearly that the existence or destruction of the empire was dependent on the present crisis. As he had already expressed his opinions which had been overruled by the subtle Tokugawa officers, it was useless staying in Kioto, nursing his mortification; and as his territory was bounded on three sides by the sea, it was necessary for him to depart for the purpose of preparing for the approaching struggle with the barbarians. And he left Kioto at once, without waiting for any reply.

A few days later Mori Sadahiro followed his example and retreated to Hiogo. Many other daimios also left for their dominions on the plea of making preparations against the expected war with foreigners; and the Shogun himself implored permission to return to Yedo, for the same purpose; and more particularly that he might give an answer to the letter from England.

The emperor ordered him to remain in Kioto, until a day had been fixed upon for action against the barbarians. The Shogun, Hitotsubashi, the Gorojiu Itakura and Ogawara were called to the palace; and at last the 10th day of the 5th month was decided upon.

When this decision was made known to the daimios, it was received with very varied emotions—some hearing it with joy, but very many with surprise and alarm. Yechizen Chiujo sent in his resignation, in order to escape the threatened danger, but it was not accepted. He left Kioto without leave, and was followed by a sentence ordering him to be imprisoned in his own house.

Among the kugé was a brave and patriotic man named Nakayama Tadamitsu. Enraged at the bad government of the crafty officials of the Shogun, he resigned his rank and office, and resolved to devote himself to their overthrow even at the risk of his life. He wandered over the province around Kioto, under the assumed name of Mori Shiusei. At length he went to Choshu where he remained a long time.

The Shogun, after much delay and repeated applications, obtained permission to return to Yedo; but whilst in the very act of setting forth, he was sent for and ordered to put off his departure for yet a short time; and Mito Chinagon was dispatched to Yedo as his representative.

The Shincho-gumi had become very troublesome; abandoning themselves to every extravagance. They robbed the rich in every direction, under pretence of raising funds for the war against the barbarians. It became impossible to endure their outrages; and three daimios had the duty assigned to them of putting an end to their depredations, and protecting the merchants from their violence.

In the performance of this duty a band of them was encountered in the streets of Yedo by the soldiers of Sakai Sayemon-no-jo, one of the three daimios. A skirmish took place in which two of the Shincho-gumi were killed; and their heads were exposed at Riogoku-bashi.

Another band of 500, under the command of Kiyokawa Hachiro, intended to attack Yokohama; but they were frustrated in their design, and lost their commander, who was killed by the retainers of Sakai. Twenty eight of the band were seized, and the rest dispersed; so that after that time the violence of the Shincho-gumi was no more heard of.

#### SECTION XI.

As the time approached for the great blow upon foreigners, a day was appointed on which the Mikado should give a war-sword to the Shogun at the Yashiro of Iwashimidzu Hatchiman.\* The Mikado went, attended by an imposing train of kugé and samurai; but the Shogun pleaded sickness and excused himself from the ceremony. The Mikado ordered Hitotsubashi, the Shogun's guardian, to receive the sword instead; but he actually descended from the shrine under pretence of sudden illness, before the ceremony had been performed. This conduct excited universal indignation, and was contemptuously spoken of everywhere. The ronin were particularly enraged, and scrupled

not to taunt the Shogun's vassals with cowardice. They resolved that they would no longer obey the Tokugawa government, and appealed to the Emperor to head the expedition against the barbarians himself.

Their angry reproaches were heard all over Kioto, and it required all the influence of the Choshu and Satsuma clans to prevent an outbreak. The Shogun wandered uneasily between Kioto and Osaka, and still made ineffectual appeals to the Mikado for permission to leave for Yedo, where it was extremely important he should make his re-appearance. An answer had to be given to the English; and it was feared that war must break out between the two nations. On the 3rd day of 5th month, a notification was issued which threw the people into great consternation. It was generally reported that a battle was about to be fought with foreign nations. Crowds of the inhabitants of Yedo fled to the neighbouring villages; flying in all directions carrying their goods and chattels with them. The city soon appeared deserted; and the daimio of Satsuma sent the following letter to the government:—

"One of my relatives, named Saburo, slew an impolite Englishman at Namamugi as a punishment. The English Government has required the Shogun to deliver him up to them, or to pay 500,000 dollars. Although my strength is but small, I am prepared to risk a contest with the British. I await the answer of the Shogun."

The Tokugawa government was greatly distressed at the state of affairs; and was, at length, compelled to yield to the desire of closing the Empire against foreigners. On the 5th day of the 5th month, a letter was sent by Ogasawara, one of the Gorojin, to the foreign ministers at Yokohama, expressing the intention of closing the ports. The ministers became very angry and threatened immediate war. The notice of Ogasawara had to be withdrawn, and 450,000 dollars were paid to the British Government.

When this news reached the Shincho-gumi, they became violently enraged, and reproached the officers as cowards. They assembled within a few days, to the number of 3,000 men, with the intention of attacking the foreign barbarians at Yokohama; but the chiefs were arrested and imprisoned by the Government, and the remainder dispersed.

\* A shrine of the God of War.

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THE TEMPLE OF SANNO, TOKIO.





While these matters were going on in Yedo, there also arose much violence and disturbance in Kioto. On the night of the 19th of the 5th month, Anekoji Kimtomo was suddenly attacked by three desperadoes as he was passing the gate of Sakuhei, one of the nine gates of the Mikado's palace. Taken by surprise, his retainers made but small resistance. Kimtomo was mortally wounded, and several of his attendants were killed before they could defend themselves. One of them, however, named Yoshimura Ukio, fought furiously and succeeded in arresting the three men. Kimtomo died on that same night, to the great grief of the Emperor. The three men proved to be Satsuma vassals. When they were brought to trial, they deliberately performed *hara-kiri*, without saying one word. On this account, the Emperor and the kugé had an aversion to Satsuma, who was deprived of the office of guardian of the gate of Ino-go-mon shortly afterwards.

#### SECTION XII.

Mori Chinjo Yoshichika, father of Mori Sadahiro, resolved to obey the orders of the Emperor. When he heard that the day for expelling the barbarians was fixed he was full of joy. He prepared land and sea forces, and built a fort at a strong and most important place called Akamaga-seki, on the western sea. His great assistant was Nakayama Tadahisa, of whom mention has already been made. Just on the eve of the day appointed, an American steamship was passing Danno-ura, the Choshu forts suddenly opened fire upon it, and it only escaped under cover of night. On the 23rd the Choshu men fired upon a French ship at Mayeda. On the first day of the next month an American ship arrived off Akamagaseki. A sea fight commenced; Mori Sadahiro commanding one of his own ships. It was destroyed, and Sadahiro saved himself by swimming to other steamers. Seven men were drowned. While preparing to renew the battle a storm suddenly arose, and the contending parties were compelled to retreat from each other. Five days afterwards a battle commenced with the French who landed at Mayeda and seized the forts of Danno-ura and Sugetani. To the great sur-

prise of the Choshu men, they marched towards the city of Choju. The Choshu men fought under difficulty, but succeeded in expelling their assailants by a stratagem.

Thus the Choshu men fought with foreigners unassisted by others. The inhabitants of Kokura on the opposite side of the strait, not only did not help them, but sent provisions to the barbarian's ships; and this fact becoming known to the retainers of Choshu they were so angry that they were with difficulty restrained from attacking the castle of Kokura. The peremptory orders of their master, Yoshichika, alone deterred them. Thus arose a breach between the two clans which has not been healed to this day; and it was this circumstance that rendered the attack of the Choshu men so violent upon the Kokura men in the battle of the 6th month of 2nd year Keiwo.

Of the encounter with the American and the French ships, Mori Yoshichika informed the Mikado, who praised him, and issued a notification that all daimios must assist one another in conflicts with foreigners; and he gave him 10,000 rios.\*

The Tokugawa government exhausted every device in order to close the open ports, and the Shogun was ordered to Yedo to bring the matter to an immediate issue. On his arrival he summoned all the northern daimios to consult upon the point; but nothing was determined upon.

As soon as the Shogun left Kioto many volunteers assembled, and loudly reviling the Tokugawa officials as cowards called for a general raid upon the barbarians.

Ogasawara, previous to the Shogun's departure from Kioto, actually left Yedo at the head of 1000 men, for the purpose of bringing the Shogun by force from Kioto; but on arrival at Fushimi, he found him already departed. Ogasawara was, however, arrested by order of the Mikado, deprived of his rank and office, and was moreover imprisoned at Osaka.

On the 14th day, Inshu men, retainers of Harima no Kami, attacked an English ship from the fort of Tempozan, Osaka.

\* We believe the contribution was from Choshu to the Mikado; and not the reverse, as it seems to read above. Ed. F.E.

## SECTION XIII.

On the 26th day of the 6th month an English fleet consisting of ten men-of-war\* entered the bay of Kagoshima, and demanded an indemnity of £25,000 sterling from the Satsuma government. The alternative was a battle. Shimadzu had expected it a long time and had made preparations. A general battle ensued, with furious courage on both sides. At length victory inclined to Shimadzu, with a few lost. This was a disastrous blow to the British, for they lost their commander. In the height of the battle, there broke out a fire in the city of Kagoshima. It blew a gale from south-east. At the same time, the fire caught the five Loo-choo ships which had just arrived as reinforcements. Early next morning the English renewed the battle in spite of the rain. But it ended in the same way. One

\* The following is the English admirals' official report of the affair:—

## "EXPEDITION TO KAGOSHIMA.

"*Euryalus*, Gulf of Yedo, August 22.

"In the forenoon of the 14th I proceeded in the *Havoc*, partly for the purpose of satisfying myself as to the three steamers mentioned above, and also to examine the large bay or lake at the head of the gulf above Sūkura Sima; it proved to be everywhere as deep as any part we have yet sounded, there being generally fifty fathoms within 100 yards of the shore. A strong breeze from the eastward had already sprung up, and the rapid falling of the barometer indicating the probable approach of a typhoon or heavy gale, the top-gallant-masts were sent on deck.

"I have now to report to their lordships the events following the receipt, on the evening of this day (14th instant), of a despatch from Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires, and its enclosures, in which I was requested to enter upon such measures of coercion as I might deem expedient and best calculated to awaken the Prince of Satsuma to a sense of the serious nature of the determinations which had brought Her Majesty's squadron to the Bay of Kagoshima.

"The *Pearl*, *Coquette*, *Argus*, *Racehorse*, and *Havoc*, were sent at daylight on the 15th, under the orders of Captain Borelase, to seize the three steamers already referred to, and which may be briefly described as follows:—*England*, screw, 1,150 tons, purchased for 125,000 dollars; *Sir George Grey*, screw, 482 tons, purchased for 85,000 dollars; *Conest*, 350 tons, purchased for 95,000 dollars. Captain Borelase was further directed to avoid, as much as possible, all unnecessary bloodshed or active hostility. The steamers were accordingly taken possession of without opposition, and brought down to our anchorage during the forenoon of the 15th, lashed alongside the *Coquette*, *Argus*, and *Racehorse*, which vessels anchored in the same bay as before; the object I had in view being the detention of these steamers as reprisals, until the Prince of

of the ships could not take up its anchor, and was compelled to retreat by cutting the chain. Thus Shimadzu gained the day and plundered the anchor. A peace was made soon after, by which Shimadzu agreed to pay 20,000 dollars to the British government as indemnity, and he returned the anchor to it, being ignorant of the law of nations, which causes laughter and reproach among other countries (against ships that lose their anchors).

When Shimadzu reported all the circumstances of the battle to the Mikado, he received a letter of praise and approbation, for his meritorious service.

The political condition of the Tokugawa Government was now such as to bring it to destruction. Vain were all efforts to restore its ancient power and influence. Seven Ha-

Satsuma should either comply with the demands, or make overtures to Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires which might lead to their settlement.

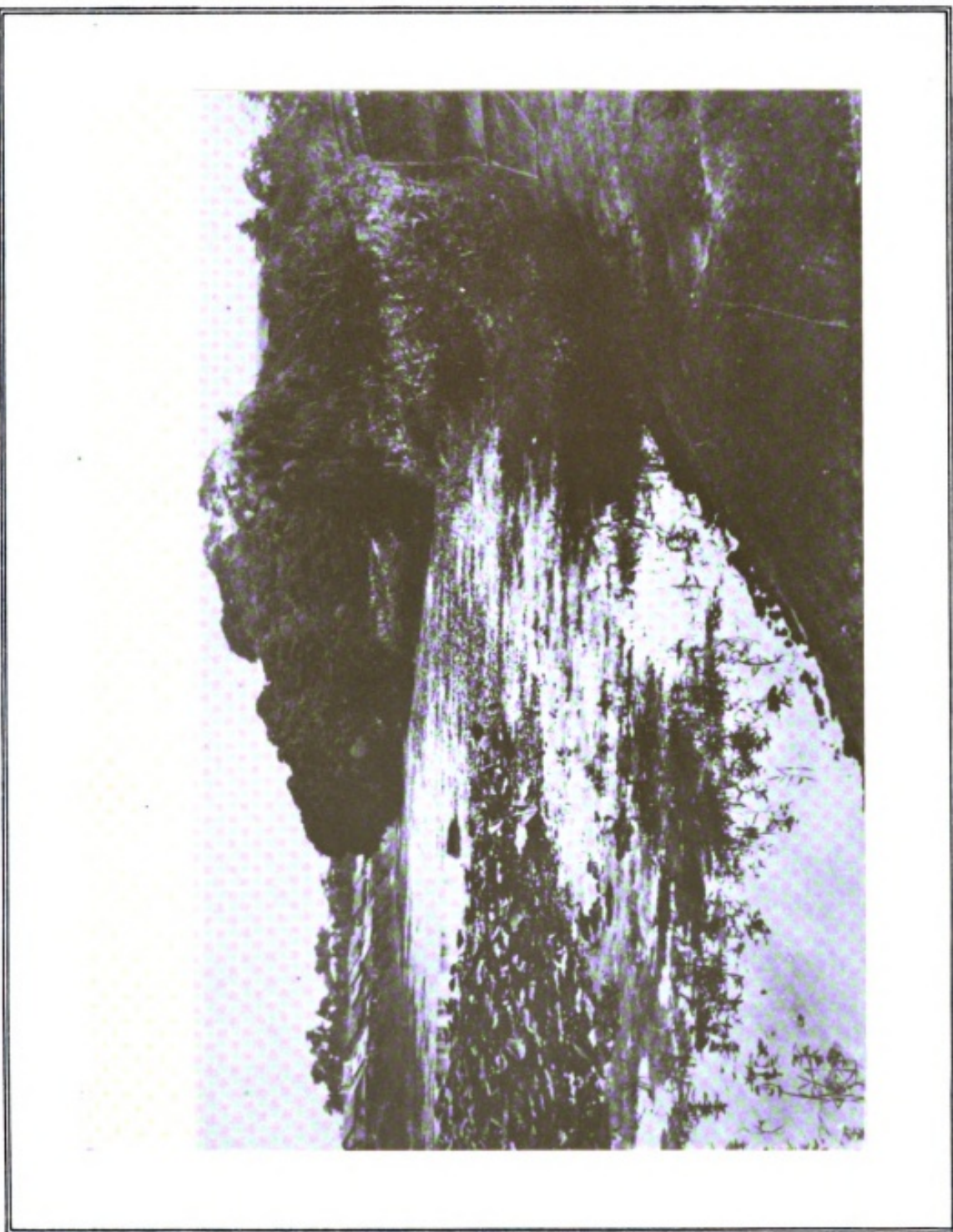
"The weather still looked threatening.

"At noon, during a squall, accompanied by much rain, the whole of the batteries on the Kagoshima side suddenly opened fire upon the *Euryalus*, the only ship within range, but, although many shot and shell passed over and close around her, no damage was done beyond cutting away a few ropes. Finding that the springs on the cable would not keep the ship's broadside on, and as it was impossible, with the comparatively small force at my command, to engage the batteries underweigh, and at the same time to retain possession of the steamers, I signalled to the *Coquette*, *Argus*, and *Racehorse* to burn their prizes, and then to the whole squadron to weigh and form the line of battle according to seniority, the *Havoc* being directed to secure the destruction of the three steamers.

"Previous to this, the *Perseus* having slipped her cable, was directed to fire on the north battery until the signal was made to form line-of-battle, which service was executed by Commander A. J. Kingston with great promptness.

"Although the weather was now very dirty, with every indication of a typhoon, I considered it advisable not to postpone, until another day, the return of the fire of the Japanese, to punish the Prince of Satsuma for the outrage, and to vindicate the honour of the flag; and everything being now ready, I proceeded towards the batteries, opening fire upon the northernmost one with considerable effect, and passed, at slow speed, along the whole line, within pointblank range. Owing probably to the unfavourable state of the weather, the ships astern did not maintain their positions in as close order as I could have wished, and the *Euryalus* was consequently exposed to a very heavy and well-directed fire from several of the batteries at the same time, and suffered somewhat severely. About this time, also, and whilst in the thickest of the action, I deeply regret to state that I was deprived, at the same moment, of the assistance of Capt. Joelling and Commander Wilmot, both of whom were killed by the same shot whilst standing by me on the bridge of the *Euryalus*, directing the fire of the quarters, and

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THE MOAT AND AKASAKA, FROM SANNO.



tamotos were appointed to go about to every place of Chiugoku and Saikoku. They went to Awaji in the war-ship *Choyo-maru*, at the head of 120 soldiers. On the night of the 17th day of 7th month, when they were passing the vicinity of Iwaya, the ship was suddenly fired upon from a fort belonging to Tokushima *han*, or Hachisuka; the men in the fort mistaking it for a foreign ship. The officer who made the mistake atoned for his crime by committing *haru-kiri*. The ship then sailed to Tano-ura in Buzen, taking two Kokura men on board as pilots. As it was about entering the harbour of Dairi, it was again fired upon:—this time by the Choshiu men in the forts of Dan-no-ura and Mayeda. It was ordered to put about; and messengers

setting an example of coolness and gallantry which was emulated throughout the entire ship.

"In consequence of the dense smoke, and occasional heavy showers, it was difficult to ascertain the extent of the damage done to the earthwork batteries, but by the time the *Euryalus* got abreast of the last or southernmost battery, I could observe the town to be on fire in several places; and the weather having now assumed a most threatening appearance, I considered it advisable to discontinue the engagement, and to seek a secure anchorage for Her Majesty's ships. The *Racehorse*, owing to a momentary stoppage of her engines, unfortunately took the ground opposite the northern battery, but by the prompt energy of the commanders of the *Coguette*, *Argus*, and *Havoc*, which vessels were despatched to her assistance, she was got off without damage. The steady fire kept up by Commander Charles R. F. Boxer prevented the *Racehorse* receiving any serious injury from the battery, which had already been much disabled by the fire of the other ships. The *Havoc* was then ordered to set fire to five large junks belonging to the Prince of Satsuma, which Lieutenant George Poole accomplished in a most satisfactory manner; and these, as well as a very extensive arsenal and foundry, for the manufacture of guns, shot, and shell, together with large storehouses adjoining, were also completely destroyed.

"During the whole of the succeeding night it blew almost a hurricane, but all the vessels of the squadron rode it out without accident, with the exception of the *Perseus*, which vessel dragged her anchors off the bank into sixty fathoms water, and was compelled to slip her cable during the following forenoon, when the gale had somewhat moderated. The gale subsided gradually during the 16th, and as I observed the Japanese at work, apparently erecting batteries on the hill above the anchorage, enveloped in trees and bushes, and which might have inflicted much damage upon the small vessels lying within pistol shot of the shore, I became anxious for their safety, and determined to move the squadron out to the anchorage we had occupied on the night of our arrival in the Gulf, for the purpose of repairing damages, fishing spars and refitting, previous to proceeding to sea.

"The squadron accordingly weighed at 3 p. m. of the 16th, and passing in line between the batteries of Kagoshima and Sakura Sims, steamed through the channel and anchored to the southward of the

were sent on shore to complain to the Choshiu government of this violence. The men selected for this errand were named Ito and Sudzuki. The reply they received was, that the Mikado's order was to fire at everything in the shape of a foreign ship, and nothing else could be obtained from them.

The seven Hatamotos now told them that they came by order of the Shogun, to explore Mori's and other prince's territories. For this purpose, two of them remained at Suwo; the others, after exploring Kiushiu, returning to Yedo. But the two men, after examining the castle of Yamaguchi, the new residence of Mori, were murdered by the Choshiu men; and the Tokugawa Government had no power to punish this atrocious crime.

island, taking advantage of the occasion to shell the batteries on the Sakura side, which had not been previously engaged, and also the palace of the Prince in Kagoshima. A feeble fire only was returned from the batteries which had not been closely engaged in the first attack, and this happily without effect upon Her Majesty's ships.

"The injury inflicted upon the possessions and property of the Prince of Satsuma, during the operations above described, may be briefly summed up as follows, viz:—The disabling of many guns, explosion of magazines, and other serious damage to the principal batteries, the destruction by fire of the three steamers and five large junks before mentioned, the whole of the town of Kagoshima and palace of the Prince, together with the large arsenal and gun factory and adjacent storehouses, added to which may be noticed the injury to many of the junks lying in the inner harbour, caused by explosion of shells which may have passed over the batteries. The conflagration thus created continued with unabated ardour up to the time of the departure of the squadron, forty-eight hours subsequently to the first attack.

"I have already reported to their lordships, in a separate despatch, the severe loss the profession has sustained in the melancholy death of Capt. John J. S. Joel and Com. Edward Wilmet, both of this ship, who fell while gallantly doing their duty in the face of a heavy and destructive fire. With much regret I have to add that the returns received from the various ships present a list of casualties unusually great, being no less than thirteen killed and fifty wounded, the half of which occurred in my flag-ship alone. The particulars of these casualties will be found in an enclosure to this despatch.

"Having thus accomplished every act of retribution and punishment within the scope of the operations of a small naval force, and having received from Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires the expression of his satisfaction with the extent and complete result of those operations, and of which I trust Her Majesty's Government may also be pleased to approve, I left the Gulf of Kagoshima, in company with the squadron, on the afternoon of the 7th inst., on my return to Yokohama. . . . .

"Augustus L. Kuma,

"Vice-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief.

"To the Secretary of the Admiralty, London."



## SECTION XIV.

About this time by order of the Mikado, Yechizen Chinjo Shingaku returned to the metropolis, and took up his residence at Kodai-ji, a monastery of Higashi-yama. On the night of the 26th day of the 7th month, it was set on fire, and all the temples and the splendid house adjoining were burnt. The *ronin* looked on him as a *choteki*—an enemy of the Mikado—because he deserted Kioto in the previous spring without obtaining the imperial permission. Thus the *ronin* were acting upon the old adage "He who hates a man, hates everything that is his," and were reckless in their desire to injure him.

The Tokugawa now promised to provide the Emperor with 150,000 *koku* of rice every year; and also increased the allowances of the *kugé*.

It soon became evident that Shimadzu and Mori were determined upon an embroilment with foreigners, and fearing lest other daimios would join them, a proclamation issued from the Shogun's Government strictly forbidding them to take any hostile steps until a decision was come to by the conference ordered by the Government. The *ronin*, on this became more openly enraged, pressed Satsuma and Choshu to submit no longer to the control of the Shogun's Government. The two clans yielded to their desire, and urged upon the Emperor, the propriety of proceeding to Yamato. Accordingly, on the 13th day of the 8th month, the Mikado issued a notice of his intention of going to worship at the tomb of Jinmu Tenno \* at Yamato, and of holding a war-council at Kasuga-yama, as to engaging in hostilities with foreign nations. This is called the Yamato-giyoku. Next day His Majesty held a meeting with the *kugés* and daimios, and Arisugawa-no-miya was appointed the commander-in-chief of the expedition against the barbarians. This caused great excitement; and everywhere about Kioto was heard the words:—"Our long-desired time has at last arrived."

But in the east, all was sorrow; and the Tokugawa government used all its influence to prevent the holding of the Yamato giyoku.

\* Founder of the Japanese Empire.

The preparations for this giyoku however, were hurried on, in spite of every opposition. The Mikado sent for Owari Dainagon, and appointed him to the guardianship of Osaka castle.

At this time a great tumult arose in the province of Yamato. Nakayama Tadamitsu reappeared at Kioto, where he found that the crafty Tokugawa officials were still deceiving the Mikado and acting against his orders. He placed himself at the head of eighty *ronin*, and composed a Japanese verse calling upon every man to take up arms against the Tokugawa. His host increased daily in numbers, and in a few days he commanded fully 1,000 men. As they were not well supplied with arms, he determined to overcome this difficulty by force. He sent a commissioner to the daimio of Kawa-chi, named Hojo; and compelled him to provide both weapons and armour; and thus being equipped, Nakayama marched his force to Yamato with a great display of strength. At Gojo they seized the Tokugawa government house, and cruelly murdered the Dai-kuan (the deputy superintending the affairs of estates belonging to the Shogun), and other officers. They took possession of all the rice and ammunition, made the house the head-quarters of their camp and called themselves the Tenchiu-gumi—the band executing Heaven's vengeance. Proclaiming that the land around Gojo belonged to the Mikado, they lessened the farm-tax: thereby obtaining great popularity.

Prior to this great jealousy arose between the Tokugawa government and Mori. The former looked with apprehension on the increasing power of the latter, and tried to keep him at a distance from the Mikado. A report was spread over Kioto, that, taking advantage of the Yamato giyoku, Mori intended to take possession of the Mikado, and, under pretence of carrying out the imperial will, accomplishing his own ends as to the Shogunate and the foreigners. This report reaching the ears of His Majesty, he became angry and resolved at once to dismiss Mori and the seven *kugé* who had entered into his scheme. Their names are Sanjo Saneyoshi, Sanjo Suyetomo, Higashi Kuzé Mitsuyoshi, Shijo Takanta, Nishiki-koji Yo-

rinori, Mibu Motonubo and Sawa Noriyoshi. But for the change in the Mikado's mind, Mori would have excited a tumult in Kioto, and in the midst of it, taken His Majesty to his dominions.

Before this time Mori Chinjo Yoshichika and his son left Kioto, where they left three generals—Mori Senuki no Kami, Kikkawa Kemmotsu, and Matsuda Yemon-nosuke. At daybreak of the 18th day of the 8th month, all Kioto was surprised by the report of a cannon, which reverberated from the gate of Hino-go-mon, and they started from their beds in the greatest agitation. The shoshidai, Matsudaira Higo no Kami, hastened to the palace at the head of his men. Many kugé followed without waiting to take their morning meal. As soon as they entered, the gates of the palace were all closed. Orders were given that none of the Mori clan should be admitted within the gates; but all other daimios then in Kioto were commanded to go to the palace, making up their minds to die, if necessary, in its defence. Shimadzu arrived about 10 A.M., at the head of 500 men armed with guns and spears.

The three Choshu generals hastened to the palace at the head of their armed vassals. On reaching the Sakai-go-mon (one of the nine gates), and finding it closed, they shouted loudly but without effect; and they were so enraged at this, that they were only prevented from destroying the gate and effecting an entrance by force, by the peremptory orders and the earnest remonstrances of their generals.

#### SECTION XV.

The shoshidai, Matsudaira Higo-no-Kami, had spread a false report about the Choshu clan, by which the Mikado was induced to deprive the Mori clan from the office of guarding the gates; and the following proclamation was issued:—"Sanjo Chiunagon and other kugé conspired in the treacherous attempt of Choshu, and spread various reports under pretence that they were the opinions of the Mikado, especially that connected with the order of the Yamato giyoko."

All those who were suspected of conspiring with Choshu were ordered to confine them-

selves to their own houses; and the Mori clan received an order to return to their own territory, but to hold themselves in readiness to act faithfully against the barbarians. The Choshu men left, therefore, taking the seven kugé whose names are given above, with them. Several of the kugé and the shoshidai prepared to pursue them, calling them *chotéki*; but the Mikado forbade it. His Majesty, however, deprived them of their rank and offices.

The Yamato-giyoko was counter-ordered. The palace gates were again thrown open on the 25th day. The ronin were vigorously searched for, and expelled from Kioto; and the Choshu men were forbidden to step foot in the city. Eighteen kugé who had been allied with the conspirators, were banished as *chotéki*. All proclamations published previous to the 18th day were annulled; and it was proclaimed that those only which had promulgated since that day were authorized by the Mikado himself.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.—It is very difficult to understand the preceding chapter, as the book in the original does not afford sufficient information. Be so kind as to allow me to repeat it in my own words. According to Japanese law, Japanese authors dare not record most important historical events exactly. What follows, therefore, is not from any book, but from my own knowledge, so far as gained from current report.

The Mori (Choshu) clan had long designed the overthrow of the Tokugawa government. The pretext was that the Shogun Iyeshigé was from his natural disposition incapable of governing. Mori and other daimios, therefore, persuaded the Mikado to call him to Kioto; under the impression that he would consider it against his dignity, and would refuse to obey; in which case, they might accuse him as a *chotéki*, and obtain from the Mikado a sentence of deposition. Contrary to their expectation, he went up promptly; and when he sat down in the Mikado's presence his *kannuri*\* did not tremble, nor was he in any way abashed: as it was supposed he would be from the fear

\* A peculiar kind of skull-cap with a long flexible gauzelike appendage springing up from the back of it, which would be shaken by any nervous or other movement of the head.

and dread of so sacred and august a being. The Mikado, if surprised, was no less pleased. His questions received prompt answers; and the first interview impressed him most favourably. He admired the Shogun's demeanour, at the same time amiable and fearless; and he ordered him to take the proper measures to rid the country of foreigners.

But Mori and his friends, so far foiled, perceived that the Shogun took no steps against foreigners. They, therefore, accused him to the Mikado, who so pressed him on this one subject that, at length, Iyashige sent in his resignation. This created the greatest excitement not alone among the daimios and samurai, but in the court of the Mikado himself. His Majesty urged him strongly to withdraw it; and he was thus compelled to endure the burden he would most willingly have been rid of.

Seeing he could obtain his end in no other way, Mori determined on the desperate expedient of seizing on the person of the Mikado, under pretence of protecting him against the traitorous Tokugawa. But, as related in this chapter, his plans totally miscarried. This gave the origin to what is now called the Choshu Sei-batsu.—*Translator.*

#### SECTION XVI.

Returning to the Tenchiu-gumi, whom we left at Gojo increasing in numbers and in military power. When they heard of the events taking place in Kioto, they became apprehensive lest the Tokugawa government should send an army against them; and resolved to fight so long as they had life. Impatient of inactivity they marched against the castle of Uyemura Suruga-no-Kami. A thick morning fog favoured their approach, and prevented their being seen by the retainers of the prince until they had actually encamped in a commanding position. Had they not despised their enemy, the Tenchiu-gumi might easily have gained possession of the castle; but they were prevented, not merely by main force, but by strategy. The principal karoo of Uyemura went to their camp, as if to sue for peace. He appeared to be overcome with fear, and to have lost all presence of mind. Whilst he was thus counterfeiting, all within the castle were

buckling on their armour, and making preparations. At a given signal, the Uyemura men rushed out, and fell upon the enemy in front, flank and rear. The Tenchiu-gumi, taken utterly by surprise, and not having time to fly to their arms and form in order of battle, were cut down in great numbers. Fifty men were killed; as many more made prisoners; and the rest put to flight. In great disorder they retreated to a strong place called Tenno-kawatsu-ji: where, ultimately, the majority of them deserted. They had marched to the castle 3,500 strong. They were now speedily reduced to 500; but these were esteemed as amongst the most eminent-fighting men in the Empire. The four daimios of Kishiu, Hikoné, Todo and Koriyama, were ordered to go against them and put them down: but, for a time, they utterly failed. Their general was among the slain. Next day, the Todo men marching against the Tenchiu-gumi, Nakayama, with a few brave followers, retreated before them until they were decoyed into a cleverly laid ambush, when the Tenchiu-gumi arose in full strength, fell upon them, and would have inevitably cut them off to a man, had not the Hikoné men come to their relief. After many encounters in which victory often inclined to the Tenchiu-gumi, they were at last scattered: Nakayama escaping with a few followers, and reaching Osaka and finally Choshu, with great difficulty. This disturbance is called Gojo-no-ran.

Since the 18th day of the 8th month all government business was committed to the Shogun.

Seeing the sudden change in affairs, Tadanobu, the retired Kuambaku, sent the following letter to his successor Takadsukasa:—

"The three clans of Sasashu, (Satsuma), Choshu, and Toshiu (Tosa), exceed all others in their loyalty to the Mikado; and they are desirous of spreading the Mikado's power all over the country. Their conduct is worthy of reward; but crafty officials have slandered them to the Mikado; and the Choshu men have been unjustly forbidden to enter Kioto. Considering the present state of affairs, it is obvious that none are so capable of overcoming the difficulties as these three clans. As you are in highest office, you should make this your special care."



The Tokugawa now conferred with the foreign Ministers respecting the closing of the ports, but without effect.

Mori, at this time, sent the following memorial from his own territory to the Mikado:—"I and my son, your humble vassals, have served you with great care and diligence day and night, hoping to make the imperial power and influence shine brightly over the empire and all other countries. We expected to be in the van when your Majesty should attack the foreign barbarians. But to our great grief, you suddenly abandoned your intention of Yamato-giyoko, deprived us of our office, and forbade our entering into Kioto. Nothing can exceed our mortification at this treatment, which is like to break our pure hearts. After deep consideration, we know this has been caused by dishonest slanderers. We therefore beg to be allowed to come to Kioto to answer the false charges against us. We implore the imperial consideration."

To this memorial the Mikado gave no reply.

The ronin, finding themselves disappointed of their purpose, now began to speak against the Mikado, and most of them found refuge with Choshin.

On the 3rd day of the 10th month, Shimadzu Saburo once more entered Kioto, intending to assist the Tokugawa government in expelling foreigners and restoring tranquillity. He advised the Mikado to recall the Shogun and Hitotsunobashi to Kioto.

The Tokugawa government, finding all other plans fail, determined to send an embassy to foreign countries, to settle the matter of closing the ports. Matsudaira Yamato no Kami, daimio of Kawagoye was appointed prime Minister. Many ronin were reported to have assembled at the Ginzan in the province of Tajima, and the Shogun sent orders to the neighbouring daimios to destroy them.

(To be continued.)

#### AN ANCIENT JAPANESE CLASSIC.

(The *Tosa Nikki*, or *Tosa Diary*.)

By W. G. Aston Esq.

Read before the Asiatic Society of Japan,  
at Yedo, on the 30th June, 1875.

THE ancient literature of Japan contains few works of a popular character. Almost without exception, everything which has come down to us from the period when the Japanese language was in its greatest purity and perfection was written by and for a

learned circle composed chiefly of the Household of the Mikado and the officials of his Government.

The *Tosa Nikki* is not an exception to this rule. The author was a Court noble named Tsurayuki, who traced his descent in a direct line from one of the Mikados, and whose history is little more than the record of the successive offices he held at Kioto and in the provinces. One of his appointments was to the prefecture of Tosa, and it was on his journey back to Kioto after having completed the four years which were then the fixed term for such offices, that he wrote the *Diary* which is the subject of the present paper. Tsurayuki is also known as a poet of considerable eminence, and as the author of the famous preface to the *Kokinshu*, extolled by Japanese critics as the most perfect specimen of composition extant in the native style.

The first entry in the *Diary* bears date the 21st day of the 12th month, and we learn from other sources that the year was the fourth year of Shohai. This would be, according to the European reckoning, some time in the months of January or February A.D. 935 or now 940 years ago. Tsurayuki begins by telling his readers that diaries being commonly written by men, this is an attempt to write a woman's diary. Hence he always speaks of himself in the third person, under the vague designation of 'a certain man.' But in Tsurayuki's day something more than this was implied by the phrase 'a woman's diary.' The learned were at this time devoted to the study of Chinese, and rarely composed in any other language, whilst the cultivation of the Japanese language was in a great measure abandoned to women. It is honorable to the women of Japan that they nobly discharged the task which devolved upon them of maintaining the credit of their native literature. I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters, to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature were the work of women. The *Genji Monogatari*, the acknowledged standard of the language for the period to which it belongs and the parent of the Japanese novel, was written by a woman, as were also *Ise Monogatari*, the *Makura Zôshi*, and much of the poetry of the time. There is even reason to suppose that the traditions collected in the *Kojiki*, the Bible of the Shinto religion, were taken down from the mouth of a woman, with the exception of the last-mentioned work which was committed to writing before the invention of Kana. The Chinese character was very sparingly used in books written by women, and the

use of Chinese vocables was also extremely limited. It is evident, therefore, that when Tsurayuki spoke of writing a 'woman's diary' he meant a diary composed in the style usually employed by the women of that period.

The first day's entry also records Tsurayuki's departure from the Government House of Tosa, and his arrival at the port from which he was to set sail. He was accompanied here by large numbers of people who came to take leave of him. Most brought with them parting presents, usually of eatables or *saké*. The result was that in Tsurayuki's words, "Strange to say, here we were all fresh by the shore of the salt sea." He did not actually set sail till 27th, the intervening six days being chiefly taken up in disposing of the presents, and in a visit to the newly appointed Prefect, with whom he spent a day and night in drinking and verse-making, after which he took a final leave. Tsurayuki's successor in office shook hands with him at the bottom of the steps leading up to the house, and they bade each other farewell with many cordial, but tipsy, expressions of good-will on both sides. On the following day, however, we find Tsurayuki in a different frame of mind. He tells us that during his stay in Tosa a girl had died who was born in Kioto, and that amid all the bustle and confusion of leaving port, her friends could think of nothing but her. Some one, he says, composed this verse of poetry on the occasion:—

With the joyful thought, Home to Kioto, there mingles the bitter reflection that there is one who never will return.

We are informed by another writer that Tsurayuki here deploras the loss of his own daughter, a little girl of nine years of age.

But the jollifications had not yet come to an end. The new Prefect's brother made his appearance at a projecting cape on their way to the first stopping place, and they were accordingly obliged to land on the beach, where there was more drinking and composing of verses. Of these verses Tsurayuki seems to have had no great opinion. He says that it required the united efforts of two of the party to make one bad verse, and he compares them to two fishermen labouring along with a heavy net on their shoulders. Their jollity was interrupted by the master of the junk who summoned them on board. There was a fair wind, he said, and the tide served; and Tsurayuki maliciously adds that there was no more *saké* to drink. They accordingly embarked, and proceeded on their voyage.

On the 29th, they had got no further than

O-minato, a harbour only a few miles distant from their starting-point. Here they were detained for ten days waiting for a fair wind. Presents of eatables and drinkables still came in, but more sparingly, and Tsurayuki records regretfully the fate of a bottle of *saké*, which he had stuck in the roof of the cabin, but which was displaced by the rolling of the junk and fell overboard. One of these presents was a pheasant, which according to the old Japanese custom was attached to a flowering branch of plum. Some brought verses\* with their gifts. Here is a specimen:

Louder than the clamour of the white surges on your onward path will be the cry of me weeping that I am left behind.

Tsurayuki remarks that if that were really so, he must have a very loud voice. On the 9th of the second month, they at last sailed from O-minato. As they passed Matsubara, they admired a large grove of ancient fir which grew by the sea-shore. Tsurayuki mentions the pleasure with which they watched the storks flying about among their tops, and gives us this verse composed on the occasion:—

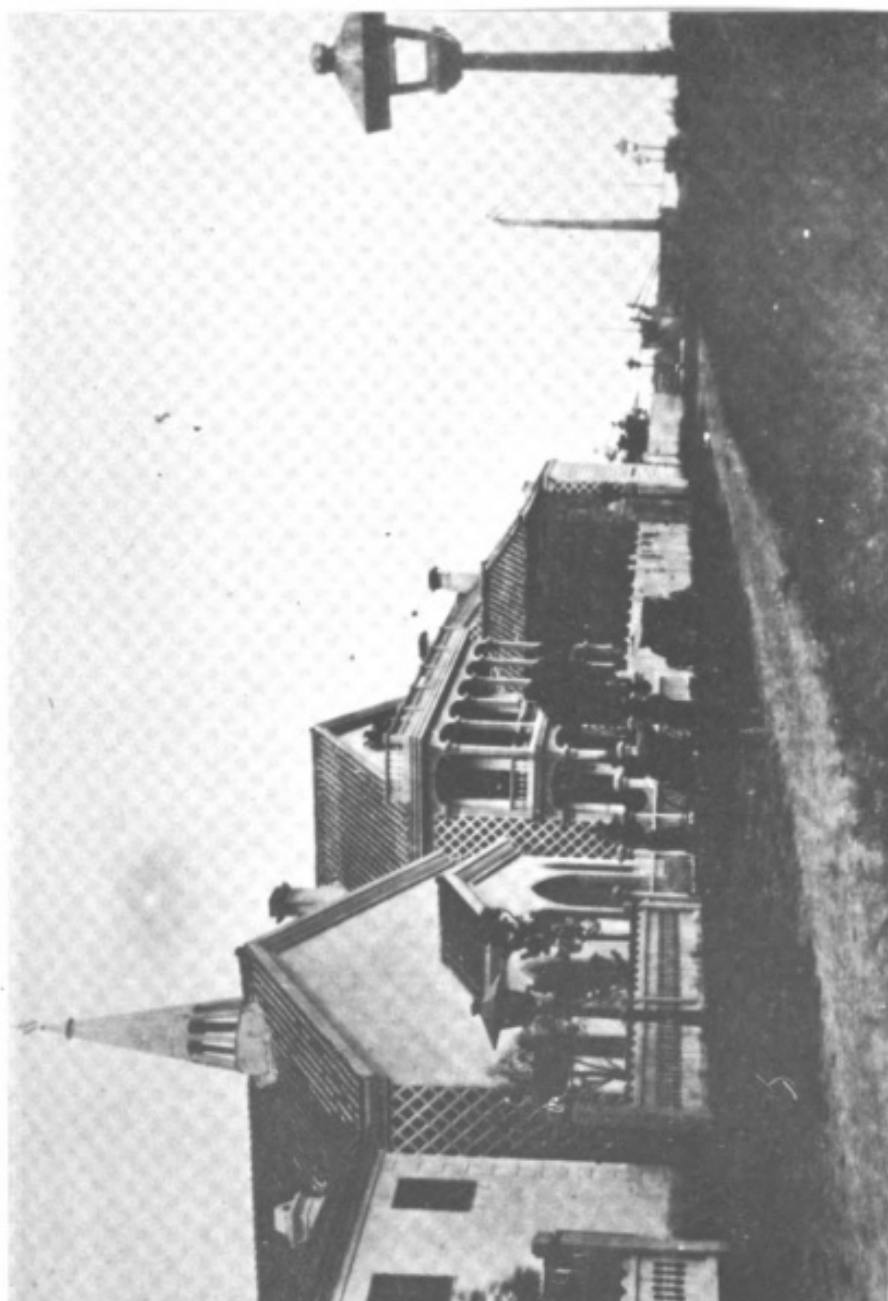
Casting my glance over the sea on each fir-tree top a stork has his dwelling. They have been comrades for a thousand years.

It became dark before they reached their next stopping-place, for like most Japanese vessels even at the present day, the idea of pursuing their voyage all night long does not seem to have occurred to them. Besides, to judge from its having gone up the Osaka river as far as Yamazaki, their junk must have been a very small one, and the diary shows that it depended more on oars than on sails. Here is Tsurayuki's description of nightfall.

"Whilst we rowed along gazing on this scene, the mountains and the sea became all dark, the night deepened, and east and west could not be seen, so we entrusted all thought of the weather to the mind of the master of our ships. Even the men who were not accustomed to the sea became very sad, still more the women, who rested their heads on the bottom of the ship and did nothing but weep. The sailors, however, seemed to think nothing of it, and sang the following boat-song." Tsurayuki gives a few lines of it, and then proceeds:—"There was a great deal more of this kind of stuff, but I do not write it down: Listening to the laughter at these verses, our hearts became somewhat calmed in spite of the

\* It is considered one of the greatest accomplishments a Japanese can possess, to be able to express himself elegantly in these short verses; and it is much cultivated by the literary and learned; and particularly by ladies.

THE FAR EAST.



THE UNION CHURCH, TS'KIDJI.



"raging of the sea. It was quite dark when we at length reached our anchorage for the night."

Three more days leisurely travelling brought them to Murotsu, a port just to the west of the eastern of the two horns which the island of Shikoku sends out to the southward. The morning after their arrival here, a slight but constant rain prevented them from starting, and the passengers took the opportunity to go on shore for a little. In the entry for this day, Tsurayuki mentions a curious superstition. He tells us that since the day on which they first embarked no one wore scarlet or other rich colours or good silks lest they should incur the anger of the gods of the sea. The next day the rain continued. It was a Buddhist fast-day, and Tsurayuki kept it faithfully till noon, but as suitable food for fast-days was not obtainable on board, he bought with rice (not having any copper cash) a *tai* which one of the sailors had caught the day before. This was the beginning of a trade between him and the sailors, *saké* and rice being exchanged for fish. There was no change in the weather till the 17th, the fifth day from their arrival at Murotsu. On that day they started early in the morning with the moon, then a few days past the full, shining over a waveless sea which reflected the sky so perfectly, that, as Tsurayuki said, the heaven above and the ocean beneath could not be distinguished. He composed the following stanza on this occasion:—

What is this that strikes against my ear as the boat is rowed along over the moon of the sea-depths? Is it the bush of the man in the moon?

The fine weather, however, did not continue. The dark clouds which gathered overhead alarmed the master of the junk, and they put back to Murotsu under a pelting shower, and very miserable. Three more wretched days they were obliged to remain here, endeavouring with indifferent success to wile away the time by writing Chinese and Japanese verses, and every morning counting the days that had been already spent on the voyage. On the 21st they again proceeded on their way. A large number of other junks sailed at the same time, a pretty sight which was greatly admired by Tsurayuki. "It was spring," he remarks, "but it seemed as if over the sea the leaves of autumn were being scattered." The weather was now fine, and they entered what we call the Kii Channel. Here they were disturbed by a fresh cause of anxiety. It seems that Tsurayuki during his term of office in Tosa had occasion to deal rather severely with the pirates of these parts, and it was thought likely that they would now try to have their

revenge. One of the commentators attempts to save Tsurayuki's reputation for courage by reminding us that this diary is written in the character of a woman. The course of the narrative, however, shows that their alarm was quite genuine, and indeed, to all appearance, well-grounded. Two days later we find them praying to the *Kami* and *Hotoke* to save them from the pirates. On the following days there were constant alarms, and on the 26th they heard that the pirates were actually in pursuit of them, so they left their anchorage at midnight, and put to sea. There was a place on their way where it was usual to make offerings to the God of the sea. Tsurayuki made the captain offer *nusa*. \* They were offered by being cast into the air, and allowing the wind to carry them to the sea. The *nusa* fell in an easterly direction, and the junk's course was turned to the same quarter. To the great joy of all on board they had now a favourable wind, sail was set and they made a good day's run. The next two days they were again storm-bound, but on the 29th, they proceeded on their voyage. On the 30th they crossed the entrance to the Naruto passage, and the same night, by dint of hard rowing they reached the strait of Idzumi. They had now reached the Gokinai, or five provinces round Kioto and here there was no longer any fear of pirates. They first day of the second month they made little way, and on the second we have the following entry. "The rain and wind ceased not; a whole day and a whole night we prayed to the *Kami* and *Hotoke*." On the next day the weather was equally bad, and the captain would not put to sea from a fear of bad weather which proved quite groundless. There were a great many beautiful shells on the beach at this place, and Tsurayuki composed lines in allusion to a shell which is called in Japanese *wasure-gai* or shell of forgetfulness:—

I would descend from my ship to gather the shell of forgetfulness of one for whom I am filled with sorrowful longing. Do ye, oh, ye advancing surges, drive it forward to the strand.

He afterwards says that the true wish of his heart was not to forget her whom he had lost, but only to give such respite to his sorrow that it might afterwards gain greater strength.

[The record of the 5th, contains a passage which has some philological interest as giving a specimen of the spoken language at this period. Tsurayuki noticed that a chance order of the captain to his sailors was really

\* The slips of white paper seen in Shinto shrines, and also called *Gohai*.

a line of poetry of the regular number of 31 syllables. The order was as follows:—

*Mifune yori | ohose-tabu nari | asagita no  
ide-konu saki ni | tsuna de haya hiki.*

"Thus it is ordered from the August ship; (i.e. by Tsurayuki, the owner) before the morning north-wind comes forth, make haste and haul the ship along with a tow-rope."

The only form here which is distinctively colloquial is *de for ni te*, while *mifune* and *tabu nari* are now written forms, and would not be used in the spoken language. There are one or two other examples of the colloquial language in the *Tosa Nikki* and although too few to be decisive, they point to the conclusion that the spoken idiom of the time differed but little from the language employed in literature, a curious colloquial form of *su*, as in the phrase "*mata makurusu*" 'I will come again. The same form of the future is still preserved in some of the local dialects.]

I translate part of the entry for the 5th, the day before they arrived within the Osaka river. They were now opposite Sumiyoshi.

Meanwhile a sudden gale sprung up, and in spite of all our efforts we fell gradually to leeward, and were in great danger of being sent to the bottom. "This god of Sumiyoshi," said the Captain, "is like other gods. What he desires is not any of the fashionable articles of the day. Give him *nusa* as an offering." The Captain's advice was taken, and *nusa* were offered, but as the wind, instead of ceasing, only blew harder and harder, and the danger from the storm and sea became more and more imminent, the captain again said, "Because the august heart of the god is not moved for *nusa*, neither does the august ship move. Offer to him something in which he will take greater pleasure." In compliance with this advice, I thought what it would be best to offer. "Of eyes I have a pair—then let me give to the god my mirror, of which I have only one." The mirror was accordingly flung into the sea, to my very great regret. But no sooner had I done so, than the sea itself became as smooth as a mirror.

The next day, they entered the Osaka river. All the passengers, men, women and children, were overjoyed at reaching this point of their voyage, and clasped their foreheads with their hands in ecstasies of delight.

There is no mention of any city or town of Osaka in the Diary, for the simple reason that it did not then exist. Naniwa, which has been used in later time as a poetical synonyme for Osaka is properly the river-mouth, as its etymology shows, *naniwa* meaning 'dangerous waves.' The bar of the

Osaka river had the same evil reputation in ancient times that it has unhappily deserved too well in our own day. Several days were now spent in dragging their vessel laboriously against the strong current of the river. A fast day occurred on their way up it, which Tsurayuki had this time the satisfaction of keeping properly by abstaining entirely from fish. On the 12th, they reached Yamazaki, from which place a carriage (i. e. one of the bullock-carts in which *kuges* rode) was sent for to Kioto, and on the evening of the 16th they left Yamazaki for the capital. Tsurayuki was greatly delighted to recognize the old familiar landmarks as he rode along. He mentions the children's playthings and sweetmeats in the shops as looking exactly as when he went away, and wonders whether he will find as little change in the hearts of his friends. He had purposely left Yamazaki in the evening in order that it might be night when he reached his own dwelling. I translate his account of the state in which he found it:—

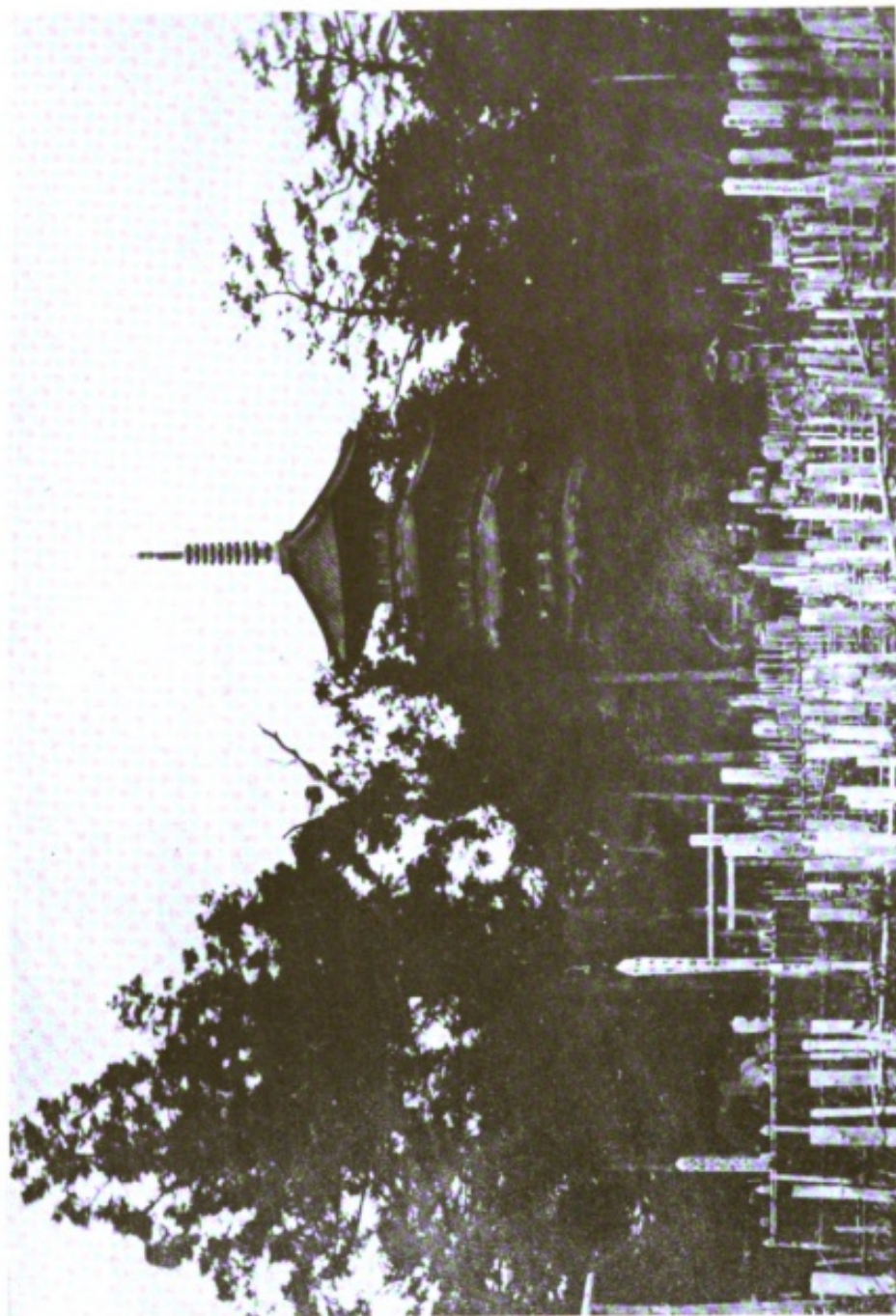
"The moon was shining brightly when I reached my house and entered the gate, so that its condition was plainly to be seen. It was decayed and ruined beyond all description—worse even than I had been told. The heart of the man in whose charge I left it was in an equally dilapidated condition. The fence between the two houses had been broken down so that both seemed but one, and he appeared to have fulfilled his charge by looking in through the gaps. And yet I had supplied him by every opportunity with the means of keeping it in repair. To-night, however, I would not allow him to be told this in an angry tone, but in spite of my vexation offered him an acknowledgment for his trouble. There was in one place something like a pond where water had collected in a hollow, by the side of which grew a fir-tree. It had lost half its branches, and looked as if a thousand years had passed during the five or six years of my absence. Younger trees had grown up round it, and the whole place was in a most neglected condition, so that everyone said that it was pitiful to see. Among other sad thoughts that rose spontaneously to my mind was the memory—ah! how sorrowful!—of one who was born in this house, but who did not return here along with me. My fellow-passengers were chatting merrily with their children in their arms, but I, meanwhile, still unable to contain my grief, privately repeated these lines to one who knew my heart."

I shall not give the verses, but proceed to the last sentence of the diary which is as follows:—

"I cannot write down all my many regrets



THE FAR EAST.



THE OLD PAGODA OF TEN-NO-JI, YANAKA.





and memories; be it for good or for evil, here I will fling away my pen."

The *Tosa Nikki* is a striking example of the truth of Buffon's dictum that "style is everything." It contains no exciting adventures or romantic situations; there are in it no wise maxims or novel information; its only merit is that it describes in simple yet elegant language the ordinary life of a traveller in Japan at the time when it was written. But these qualities have gained it a high rank amongst Japanese classics, and have ensured its being handed down to our own day as a most esteemed model for composition in the native Japanese style.

I may observe in conclusion that the Japanese of the *Tosa Nikki* is on the whole tolerably easy, and it may be recommended as a good book with which to begin the study of the ancient literature of Japan.

#### JOTTINGS IN NORTH INDIA.

*By a traveller from Japan.*

A ride of a thousand miles over hot and parched plains, brought us from Calcutta to Delhi, the ancient capital, whose acres of old ruins and the history they involve, have been denominated the city the "Rome of Asia."

We stopped at Benares by the way, and at Agra: seeing at the latter place, the one matchless vision, which more than all else had beguiled us from afar, viz.—The Taj-Mahal,—which is the crowning piece of beauty and architecture of the world. At Benares, the "Sacred City of the Hindoos," we witnessed the worship, sacrifices, and various religious rites of heathenism, to an extent we had not before experienced; and there seemed both a solemnity and a sincerity about it, which had not struck us very forcibly in other climes. The most characteristic sight there, and withal the prettiest, was the bathing in the Ganges, at sun-rise, in which it appeared as though the whole city were taking part:—and indeed, it might be so, for a Hindoo may not eat until he has washed. The stone ghauts and steps, little temples and shrines, and shaded platforms, which line the water-front of the river, were densely thronged with people of all castes, who, with perfect propriety and in silent order, were performing their ablutions in the sacred stream, and after that, they crowded up the steps to worship, always carrying a little of the Ganges water with them.

The river-front of Benares is very steep, and faced with massive stone-buildings, flights of steps, conical-shaped temples, and, rising above all, is the Mahomedan "Mosque of Arungzebe," with its pair of tall

minarets towering 250 feet above the river-bed. The Hindoo temples themselves, though pretty and of peculiar shape, (being like oblong cones,) do not compare in size and architectural taste with those of Japan and China.

We visited the ruins of Sarnath, beyond Benares, the ancient cradle of Buddhism; we saw also the "Doorga Khond," or Monkey Temple, when we had the opportunity of feeding some four hundred "sacred" monkeys, who came down from pinnacles, rafters and trees with great dexterity. Another temple we entered was filled with "sacred" cows. The Government College at Benares is a large and imposing structure, of considerable architectural merit.

At Agra, we obtained our first adequate conception of the marvellous magnificence of those princely palaces, mosques and halls, which the Mogul conquerors were wont to raise for themselves. It seems to have been their policy to build their palaces and their strongholds of defence within the same area, so that their kingly splendour might be supported, and protected if need be, by the strong arm of military power.

When, therefore, we visit "The Fort" at Agra, we find it not merely a fortification as the name might imply, but an enclosure of more than a square mile, containing buildings of various design, which pertained mostly to the royal court: and give evidence of oriental magnificence, both as to extent and lavish ornamentation. These grounds of the "Forts" are surrounded by a massive wall of red sand-stone, 70 feet high, with a deep moat, draw-bridges and battlements. Perforations are so arranged in the walls, as to do for cannon, musketry, or the older weapons of warfare.

Within the enclosure is the large public audience hall, with king Akhbar's judgment seat; and behind this, facing the river, is a range of buildings with a square court and elevated terraces, which buildings were the palaces of the Mogul monarch. Among the many interesting structures here, the most beautiful is the Pearl Mosque, standing near the centre of the grounds; it is built entirely of pure white marble, and faces an open square paved with the same material. Its Saracenic arches, columns and domes, are perfect in their design, artistic symmetry and proportion.

The Taj-Mahal, at Agra, is, of course, the object towards which every traveller turns his impatient steps, and after seeing that, all else appears tame in comparison. It is situated on the banks of the Jumna, a few miles down the stream, and stands alone in its solemn solitude, as well becomes a tomb.

We took the advice of a friend, and approached it first by moonlight,—though we had to walk three miles, long before dawn, to do it. It was like an enchanted vision growing grandly upon us, as we came up towards its swelling dome and white marble minarets, glistening in spectral beauty through the still night air, and rising far above the tall cypress trees which stand in sentinel rows about it.

The garden-grove in front of the main structure, is entered through an arched gateway of colossal size, built of red sandstone, and capped by rows of twenty-six white cupolas. Through the pointed Saracenic arch of this gateway, (the body of which is 140 feet high,) the "Taj" stands out in bold relief against the dark sky, and one sees it and its elegant surroundings, as though set in an appropriate frame,—the arch, limiting the boundary of one's vision. Passing down a straight and shaded avenue, lined by double rows of Italian cypresses, with a score of fountain-jets forming a water-way between, we came to an immense marble platform, raised on a solid masonry bed, so that its level was about that of the tree-tops in the garden.

Not a sound could be heard in the stillness of the night, not even the chirping of crickets; the lesser gate-ways were closed, and their keepers slept. We did not wish to waken them, nor break this charming silence; so finding a temporary staging on the other side, we mounted to the marble platform above, and there, alone in the soft moon-light, we had the Taj to our own solitary thought!

The structure is worthy of some celestial city, and can be described only as one would tell of an apocalyptic vision.

Built entirely of pure white marble, it rises before you from its marble base, (on which we stood,) like some fairy fabric that never could have been made with hands. In form, it is a perfect square with corners truncated, and on all sides is the same; four grand and pointed arches reach nearly to the cornice above,—one on each face of the building,—and two smaller arches, (at the place where the corners are truncated,) are arranged one above the other. Through one grand arch alone, is there an entrance to the structure; all the others, have simply screens of marble trellis-work, open to light and air, but debarring access to the interior. The whole building is surmounted by an oriental dome of white marble, swelling out from the base into nearly two-thirds of a sphere, and tapering at the top into a crescent-tipped spire; four smaller, and similar shaped domes, are placed at the corners. When we entered the Taj and stood beneath this silent

central dome, we caused it to be illuminated with brilliant blue-fires, which were lit for us by the torch-bearers whom we found asleep in the corridor. The effect was a splendour inconceivable, for if it was magnificent without, it was still more so within, and the white marble concave of the dome, seemed like a celestial canopy, fit for the throne of the Invisible. Directly beneath it, was a circular marble screen of filagree work, enclosing two beautiful tombs, inlaid with flowers and mosaics of precious stones. The echo under this dome was marvellous in its sweetness and softness, and as we slowly whispered the tune of "Home, sweet home," it came back to us with increased volume, and like the loveliest strains of an angelic choir!

We didn't expect though, to speak so particularly of the Taj just here: only the *thought* of it seems to rather run off with one's imagination.

After leaving Agra, it is merely a ride of about eight hours to Delhi, which is the terminus of the East Indian Railway. Previous to entering the fine station here, we cross an iron lattice girder bridge, with twelve spans of two hundred feet each, and below which is the broad and sandy bed of the Jumna. Delhi, has also a "Fort," more than a mile in circumference, and the palace buildings of which surpass even those at Agra; the "Lahore Gate," by which you enter the enclosure, is a massive stone arcade, 500 feet long, and beyond it are some modern barracks occupied by British troops. The *Deewan-i-Am*, or the Emperor's old hall of "public audience," is an immense structure, built of red sandstone, open on three of its sides, supported by triple rows of massive pillars, and containing a throne of marble inlaid with mosaic-work, as the only relic of its former splendour. In the rear of this, are three buildings made entirely of white marble, ornamented with gilt-work and precious stones, in the richest and most lavish style, and fulfilling—in mere point of architecture,—the Persian inscription wrought in letters of gold on the ornamented cornice-tops of the marble columns:—"If there is a paradise upon earth, it is this, it is this."

One of these buildings contains the "Royal Baths," with various marble tanks and richly decorated apartments, for the Emperor and the many fair members of his zenana. Everything here, realizes one's highest ideal of oriental luxury and lavish magnificence; and it must have been a pretty sight, when the dark-eyed nymphs of that imperial household, were sporting in innocent mirth, among these fountain-jets and marble tanks, and on checkered floors, with

mosaic flowers on all sides, making these white domes echo with their merry laughter!

The central "hall of private audience," or *Deewan-i-Am*, as it is called, is open to sunshine and air on all sides. It is mainly an immense marble-roof capped by four pavilions or cupolas, supported by rows of square marble pillars, on the white flutings and cornices of which, is chaste and delicate gold work. Indeed the whole hall is as simple as it is beautiful and perfect in design;—and no throne room exists, more royally superb than this. In fact, it was in this hall, that the famous "Peacock Throne" once stood, only the pedestal of which now remains. This throne is estimated to have cost over six million pounds sterling, and was all that gold, rubies, diamonds and other precious stones could make it. One of its peculiar features consisted of two peacocks, placed behind the golden throne, with outspread tails; the latter being so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other stones of appropriate colours, as to represent life. The ceilings of the pavilions on the roof of this hall, were once ornamented with silver filagree work: but the precious metal was stripped off by one of the vandal-like conquerors of the place, and melted down to be sold. It is said to have brought a sum of 170,000 pounds sterling! Adjoining the Royal Baths is the *Motee Masjid*, or Pearl Mosque, similar in style to the one at Agra, only not so large: it has the same marble pillars, pointed Saracenic arches, swelling dome, and glittering spire. It also has a square court paved with marble, with marble verandahs surrounding it.

In the central part of the city,—and outside the fort,—is the *Jumma Masjid*, one of the greatest Mohammedan Mosques ever built. Its quadrangle enclosure 325 feet square, is elevated 20 feet above the open park surrounding it, and is approached by three pyramidal flights of stairs, surmounted by as many massive gateways, the main arches of which are 40 feet high.

The body of the Mosque, is built of the usual red sandstone interspersed with designs of marble to break the monotony; the whole structure, with its arches, alcoves, &c., is planned on a colossal scale, and is so well proportioned that it requires some time to take in its full and grand effect.

The building is crowned by a huge dome of marble, two smaller domes of similar oriental shape being on either side; the whole is flanked by two tall minarets, 130 feet high, and surmounted by graceful white cupolas. Ascending one of these towers, we obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding country, including modern Delhi, and

the sites of all the ancient Delhis of old times. The ruins of the latter were located somewhat to the southward, and covered the plains for an area of more than eight square miles. The two most prominent objects looming up amid the desolation of broken walls, demolished palaces, mosques and houses, were "Humayoon's Tomb", three miles beyond the Delhi Gate, and the lofty "Kootub Minar," 11 miles distant, and said to be the highest tower in the world. We visited Humayoon's Tomb in the evening of the same day. Were there no "Taj" in India, this might be considered a masterpiece of beauty and magnificent design, as it certainly is of size and proportion; it surpasses the "Taj" in mere dimensions, and is somewhat similar in its general shape and effect;—only the pure white marble is wanting—except in parts—it being built of sandstone trimmed with marble; and although the great dome is entirely of the latter material, it is dusty and dingy with age.

The tomb stands on an immense raised platform of great stone slabs; its main body is square, truncated at the corners, faced by tall arches, and similar in style to the "Taj," only larger and rougher in design and finish. Within, are various chambers and many marble tombs,—with corresponding vaults and tombs beneath the floor;—directly under the dome however, is a very large marble sarcophagus, elaborately ornamented, and probably it is that of Humayoon himself, who was the father of the great Akbar.

The building was formerly surrounded by a beautiful garden, the remains and walks of which still exist; the enclosure is also entered by a colossal gateway of the usual Saracenic style. All about this immense structure, is waste and desolation at present, and wild beasts haunt the locality. Near at hand however, is a long line of partial ruins, which the poor and outcast have fitted up in their own simple fashion; and we passed through a whole street of these people, here in the wilderness, who were dwelling,—some, in the remains of former palaces, and some in the remains of former tombs. As to the tombs, we think one like Humayoon's, with some appropriate alterations, would make a pretty big palace, or a decidedly capacious hotel,—if utility were only in view. And in fact, at Agra, the Government did convert an excellent but useless tomb of the sort, into a bakery (!) for the British troops; so that now, the former shrine of the dead, yields the "staff of life" to the living!

Ten minutes ride from Humayoon's Tomb, brings us to a collection of small mosques and marble enclosures, of the most elaborate

description, and such as seem to have stood well the devastation of time.

The first of these we entered was a sixty-four pillared hall of white marble, with several small domes, under each of which stood a sarcophagus, prettily ornamented with carvings and mosaics. A respectable-sized mosque, with a splendid white dome, situated a little beyond this, and on threading our way towards it over piles of *débris* and massive ruins, we found it surrounded by a perfect little cemetery of tombs, mostly of kings or royal relatives; and all built in the same lavish style we have before mentioned, surrounded by marble screens and filagree work, and covered frequently with marble canopies of the richest style of ornamentation. The most prominent among the larger shrines, was that of Nizam-ood-deen, the founder of some religious sect; his tomb is kept covered with a heavy red cloth, and is enclosed in a chamber surrounded with white pillars; Mohammedans were worshipping there with great reverence, though it is something of a pilgrimage for them to reach the spot. Opposite this tomb was the more modest and tasteful enclosure, containing the grave of the pious Jehanara Begum, on whose marble sarcophagus, (open at the top and with grass growing upon it,) is the following Persian inscription:—"No rich canopy should cover my grave; grass is the fittest covering for 'the poor in spirit.' The humble and transitory Jehanara, the follower of the holy men of Christ, daughter of Shah Jehan the Emperor." We picked a stem of grass from her grave, and thought her words more touching and lasting than all the splendid mansoleums about her.

While wandering among these marble monuments of the past, we came suddenly upon a deep tank, almost, like a well, enclosed on three sides by perpendicular walls, and having steep steps leading down the other. The depth of the tank is 80 feet, and it is said to contain 40 feet of water, which is greenish on the surface and quite cold. As we were peering cautiously into the well, watching some men on the steps far below, our guide came up to us and threw off the sheet-like covering which the natives wear in this country; he was a middle-aged man, genteel in appearance, and looked to be of far too sober stuff to do anything so rash as what we began to suspect.

But without saying a word, he ran around to the other side of the well and scrambled up to the top of a small mosque which was built a little from its precipitous edge: there he stood for a moment, like a dark and solemn statue on the tip or knob of the dome, and the very thought of what he was

about to do was enough to curdle one's veins. Tucking the remaining slip of cloth tightly about his loins, he deliberately ran down the slope of the dome, and sprang into the air!

His flight seemed some seconds, and he kept perfectly rigid, with feet drawn close up behind, and knees apart like the letter V. If he should strike the water in that position it would kill him; but just within 15 or 20 feet of the surface he suddenly straightened, and like an arrow he shot into the depths of the well, with a peculiar deadening sound but little splash.

Scarcely had the rings of foam settled, ere his head popped to the surface again, and ascending the steep steps, he donned his white sheet, and showed us around as usual!

An evening or two succeeding this, we drove out to the Kootub Minar, eleven miles from Delhi, and ascended the 375 stone steps which took us to the top of the tower of the same name. Here we beheld the sunrise, and obtained an extensive view of the surrounding country, and especially of the grand old ruins which lie scattered all about the base of the tower.

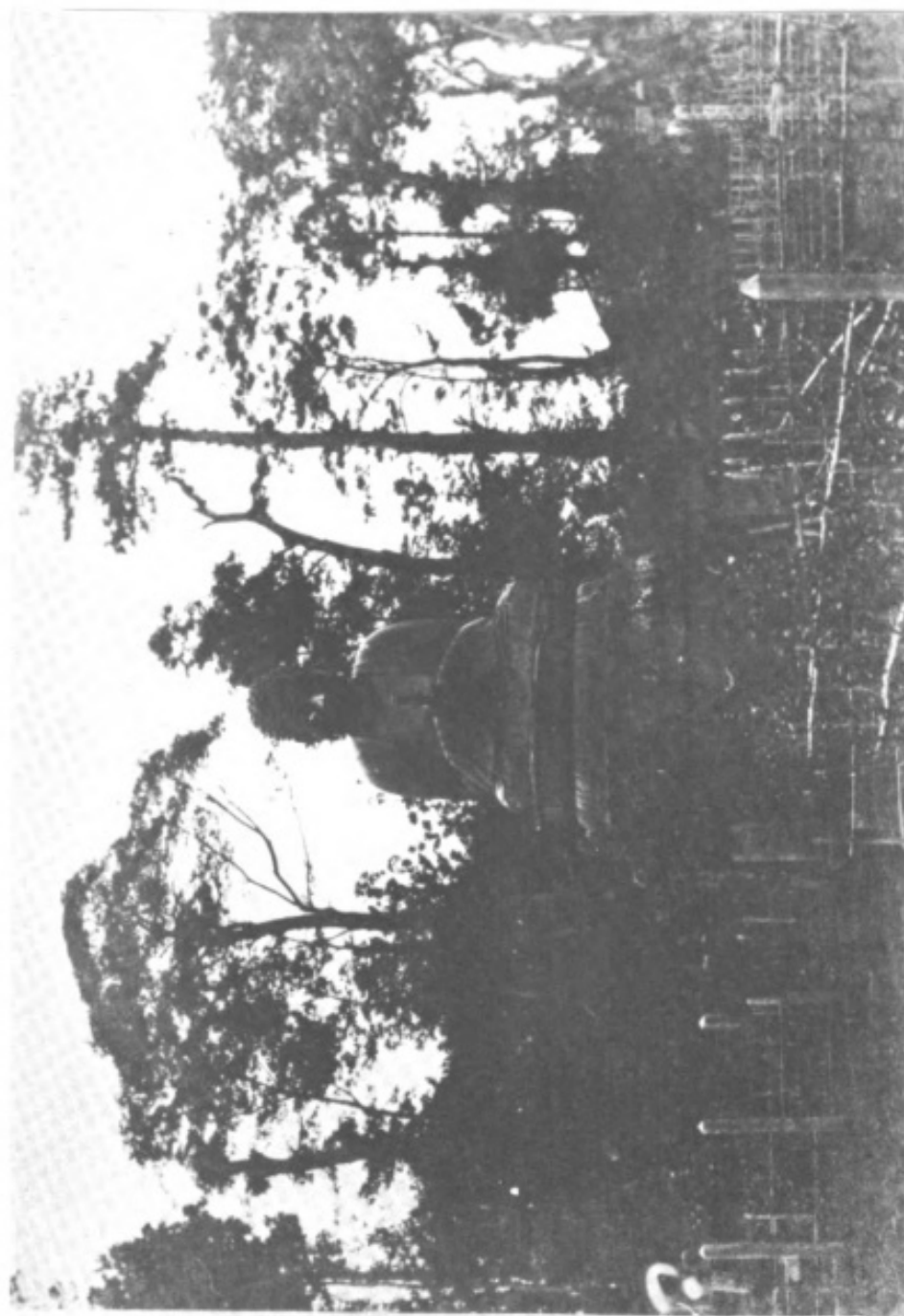
A solid "Iron Pillar," very ancient and very smooth, stands upright in the centre of an enclosure that once pertained to an old mosque.

The pillar is thick as a man's body, is twenty-two feet high and has various Sanscrit inscriptions upon it, one of which says it is the "arm of fame." Around it are the remains of arches, gateways, mosques, and portions of buildings in pretty good preservation; in fact, this whole vicinity is filled with ruins of a most interesting nature, and such as might well repay the study of the antiquarian. The "Kootub" tower itself however, is the central object of interest, and rises like a mighty sentinel from the plains, overlooking all these relics of other ages. It is seven or eight hundred years old, yet still stands firm on its mighty base, 159 feet in circumference: and though several times struck by lightning it is in good repair, and is now protected by a broad copper lightning-rod which will prevent further mischief. Its height, including the capola (which has been removed,) was about 260 feet, and it is built in perfect proportion, tapering upwards from the base with great symmetry and beauty.

Fre leaving this locality we witnessed some more well-jumping; three men leaped a distance of 80 feet, into the narrow but deep tank below, with as little hesitation as we would dive off a ship's side.

On the way back to Delhi, we passed more ruins that were quite imposing and suggestive, but not needing particular mention.

THE FAR EAST.



LARGE IMAGE OF NURE-BOTOKE (BUDDHA) AT TEN-NO-JI, YANAKA.





Much there is in the city too, which if space permitted, we might speak of. The Delhi Institute, with its museum, menagerie, and extensive garden: the "Cashmere Gate", with its cannon-battered walls, and historical associations; the swarming streets, with their various phases of oriental life,—camels, elephants, monkeys, and turbaned Hindoos of all castes.

But could we put a little taste of the "hot season" in India, into our letter, even as we have experienced it through all that we have been telling of,—we think our serene friends in Japan would ere long prefer a little cooler subject, and would even forego a little of the sight-seeing, out of respect to a thermometer which kept stubbornly at 130° in the shade!

Since leaving Calcutta we had not seen a drop of rain, nor was there a prospect of any for weeks to come; a cloudless sky, hot and hazy, with a fierce and blazing sun, whose deadly power we never fully knew before, met us everywhere on our desolate journey.

The country appeared dry, parched and deserted; the railway stations seemed solemn and still, and frequently we found ourselves to be almost the only *foreign* passenger upon a whole train. Scarcely any Europeans appeared to trust themselves out in such heat as this, for either they were in their shaded houses, under their "punkahs", or else they had already escaped to the mountains,—whither we were escaping also, rather tardily.

In Calcutta, we had left the thermometer among the "nineties" only, in the shade; but, as we got further "up country" and away from the sea, the mercury began mounting to the one hundred and tens, twenties and thirties!—and in the sun, it constantly reached 155° and 160°. We counted ourselves "in the sun," as far as our sensations were concerned, when we were forced to ride in a close little "gharee", or carriage, over a burning road for several miles, with the ungenial rays of old Sol pouring upon us. A little indiscretion in the exposure of the head, under such circumstances, would not leave room for its repetition. But usually, we never ventured outside the door of our house, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M., (i.e., when we were not in the cars, but had stopped at some city or station;) and most of our sight-seeing, &c., was accomplished early in the morning, or towards evening, or perhaps by moon-light. This stole away our sleep, and we could not make it up during the middle of the day, for the heat was too intense, notwithstanding punkahs, swinging fans, and cuscus tatties,—which are thick straw or brushwood mats of peculiar

construction, kept saturated with water, and and placed at every open door or window where the "hot wind" is likely to come. But sometimes even these don't work.

We found therefore, after three weeks of endurance, that we must escape to the mountains, as other folks had done before us, otherwise our nervous system could not stand the thermal strain much longer. We were promised that "the rains" would set in on or about the 20th of June, and that the technical "hot season" of India would then be over, and a small deluge would succeed it, and the country would put on new life. Accordingly, we left Delhi in the afternoon (of June 2nd), and proceeded to Gazeabad station, where we took the "Scinde, Punjab and Delhi" railway, for Saharunpore; arriving at the latter place at 11 o'clock, P. M. On the way we passed Meerut, where the great mutiny is said to have broken out. Before reaching this point, it was "rather warm" in the train, as usual, and the "gentle breeze" which came in at the window, was like the blast of a small reverberatory furnace. At the station above Meerut, we passed the "down train," which we were informed, had one foreign passenger "kick over" at the station beyond. "What is that?" we innocently asked. "Found dead from heat-apoplexy," was the cool reply!

This fact is not unfrequent at this season, on the railway, and trains often roll into the stations, with somebody "found dead" in his car from the heat.

Another case occurred at about this same place the other day; the ticket-conductor stepped up to the car window, and asked a gentleman sitting alone there, for his ticket. There was no response, and he touched him, and found him already dead: two natives also died on the same train.

This makes "travelling for pleasure" rather paradoxical in these parts, and rather solemn in its uncertainties withal; and so we must regard it till we reach the region of the Mediterranean, and, like the Israelites, having crossed the Red Sea, gain the "promised land" of cooler shades than this!

At Saharunpore, we found an omnibus awaiting, and according to our usual lot, we had the whole vehicle to ourselves: the extra space was improved by lying down and taking a much-needed sleep.

The omnibus had no seats, but was a high covered "stage" in the literal sense of the word, with mattresses upon the floor. For one person, it was very comfortable, but for many it would be rather crowded.

We left the station about midnight, and soon after began a gradual ascent and

passed through some fine scenery, which we however did not see,—being asleep.

We had to wake up every six miles or so, for they made such a noise changing the horses; besides this, one of the drivers blew an immense brass horn every now and then, to the consternation of any country-people in the way.

As morning came on, we could see that we were steadily rising far above the heated and hazy plains which we had left the previous day, and things began to look fresher, and greener and more life-like: the air too, was invigorating, and though not very cool as yet, was a great improvement on that below. Many very pretty country seats were scattered along the road, and the scenery seemed more home-like.

For forty-five miles we passed along a sloping table-land, with steeper ascents here and there; the omnibus made good time, for we had four horses and these were changed frequently for fresh relays. Judging by the number of changes, there must have been more than two dozen horses and eight white bullocks, to pull us over the 45 miles;—and all this for 11 rupees!

Finally we arrived at Rajpoot, at the foot of the mountains proper, and there we rested for one day and night. We put up at the "Dawk Bungalow," which is a Government establishment peculiar to India, and suited to the temporary convenience of travellers. Here we slept during the day, and had our meals, and were not disturbed, except once at night, by a wild jackal, who crept in slyly at our window, got on the table in the middle of the room, and began quietly to dispose of whatever supper we had left there! We drove the intruder out once, but he came back again when we slept, so we let him alone.

We find ourselves bankrupt for a language among these Hindoos in India; for though under British dominions, the people of this country don't speak half as much English even as the Japs or Chinese, and we sometimes have rather ludicrous experiences with them. When under peculiar stress of haste or temper, we often bolt out some Jap phrases to them such as *s'koah-i-matte*, or *iki-nine-la*, but it "don't go"! They look at us in consternation and then laugh; and we throw a few Chinese words at them which we had picked up, but its all of no use; and they continue to jabber away at us, until we let fly at them something more tangible than dictionary epithets when they suddenly disappear!

While at breakfast in our Dawk Bungalow, the Hindoo *khan-sa-ma* (steward) came in

and looking inquiringly at us, said—"Jom-pon?" We wondered at his combined impudence and wisdom, supposing he was interrogating us as to whether we came from "Japan," (!) and moodily nodded in the affirmative:—for, owing to our trunk-mark, its not the first time the Hindoos have catechised us as to where we came from. The fellow looked very grave, and went out; and soon the "*Kit-mut-ga*" (house watchman), came in, and after some trepidation said with a bow, "Jom-pon?" We nodded again, but told him to "clear out." So he disappeared, and soon came to the door again with a great black thing, half-box and half bag, slung on a big pole, with four coolies to carry it. This we learned was a "*Jom-pon*" or kind of "*kango*," and they wanted to carry us in it!

Our experience in this respect, was like that of the "westerner" from the state of Ohio, who came with verdant curiosity to Yokohama, and took a stroll one morning along the Tokaido. As he met the poor but very polite country-people, coming Kanagawa-wards, they now and then bowed to him and said "*O-hai-o?*" Whereupon he replied "Yes;" and thought this strange people, wonderfully versed not only in the geography of the "States" in general, but of his own locality in particular!

After laughing at our "*Jom-pon*" conveyance, and wondering on whom the real "joke" lay, we contrived to ask for a *pony* and two coolies, which we finally secured, and then started up the mountains, keeping the coolies and baggage ahead. It was more than seven miles steep climbing, ere we reached Mussoorie, the place of our destination, nearly 8,000 ft. above the level of the sea.

Here, stretching along the top spur of a mountain range, is the scattered line of elegant houses and hotels and castle-like mansions, (and hundreds of them at that) which constitutes the town of Mussoorie;—which is the "hot season" retreat (like Simla and Darjeeling) for nearly all the well-to-do European residents of "the plains."

It was like receiving a new lease of life and hope, to get up into this fresh cool air, and magnificent mountain scenery; and it was a sight which was quite unique, unprecedented in our experience, to see the beautiful residences, and evidences of luxury of a city, perched up on a lofty mountain-range, amid the wildest scenery of nature.

We looked about us with pleasant anticipations, and knew we would be willing prisoners, here, till "the rains" came and set us free.



MUSSOORIE, June 19th, 1875.

FOR more than two weeks, we have been perched up on this glorious peak of "Laltiba," with the town of Mussoorie and its suburb Landour, scattered over the mountain slopes and ridges just beneath; and from this,—the highest point of observation here,—we have had spread constantly before us, one of the grandest views the country affords. Now and then, the hot haze and dust of "the plains" would obscure the vision, even though it was bright blue sky far overhead; yet the thunder-storms come, (confined *only* to the hill-regions however,) and clear the atmosphere with heavy showers, and still heavier electrical discharges, so that a clean sweep could be obtained of the superb panorama set before us.

To the left, like a glistening strip along the horizon, are the sacred waters of the Ganges, which, with tributaries nearer at hand, flow sluggishly forth from deep and dark valleys, extending a hundred miles back into the mountains, and find their source in the melting glaciers which slope from the regions of eternal snow. Still more visible, to the right, and stretching far off to the West and South, is the sandy bed of the Jumna, which emerges also from the deep defiles, and ice-girt slopes of the mountains. Between the two great rivers,—which grow greater as they flow onwards,—is a broad and slightly undulating plain or table-land covered with dark forests of timber here and there, bright green patches of vegetation and cultivated fields, native villages grey and dusty, dotted along near the woods and streamlets, and presenting a most picturesque appearance contrasted with the hot parched plains of the lower country.

About twenty-five miles to the south, is a chain of hills called "the Si-va-licks or Swallocks," which bounds the outer edge of this table-land, and beyond which, extends the limitless expanse of "the plains" proper. When this outer chain of hills is passed, there is little but an immense prairie-like flat, for the thousand miles separating Saharunpore and Delhi, from Calcutta.

The name "Si-va-licks," signifies the "abode of Shiva, the Destroyer."

Rajpore and Dehra, are large villages just at the base of the mountain range on which we are at present located; as we look down upon them, from our lofty height, a succession of precipitous verdure-covered cliffs intervenes, and deep gorges diversified with all the lights and shades, which green tints and solemn depths can impart. In all our mountain experiences, we have never seen such an endless variety, (in the beauty and

steepness and angular contortions,) as that which makes up the indescribable charm of these ravines, or "cuds" as they are here called.

Notwithstanding the wildness and steepness of these wooded slopes, they are so girt about with well-made paths, that we may wander among them in any direction; every knoll and ridge and terraced retreat, is either crowned with some stately mansion, or else its garden-like slope will have the houses nestled in among the trees. The sight is very unique and very novel, as we look down from the verandah of our own pretty house, (which is higher than any of the rest,) and see the descending series of beautiful villas and residences, and scattered country seats of the wealthy, skirting every hill-side and slope for more than three miles around. Directly below us, about 500 feet, is the beautifully located "Woodstock" school for young ladies. We modestly took tea there, two evenings ago, in the midst of all the fair assembly of bewitching ones: but we kept very solemn!

On the opposite and northern side, from the "Laltiba" peak where we are located, are still deeper gorges, wilder ravines, and higher chains of mountains, wooded along their precipitous sides, and abounding in game and wild beasts; for here the tiger makes his home, and the leopards and wild-cats lie in wait for prey. In the winter times, these fierce neighbours come up from the jungles and wooded ravines, and stalk about the houses and paths even of our hill-slope here; and at this season too, their mournful cries may sometimes be heard in the distance.

But the matchless vision before us here, and the one compared with which all else we have spoken of is insignificant, is the magnificent panorama of the Himalaya peaks themselves, known with us as the "Snowy Range," and stretching in boundless extent behind us (to the north,) as far as eye can reach. The range appears from this point, to run in an easterly and westerly direction, and extends in almost an unbroken line for several hundred miles. That portion of it is only seen however, which, from its great elevation, rises above the neighbouring mountains which stand in the way. For more than a week after being here, we were unable to obtain a glimpse of this rare and interesting sight; but as if to specially favour us, the mists and haze vanished this morning, even while we were sitting writing here at the window, and we have just this moment had one of the grandest visions to be seen on earth!

Look at that succession of snow-clad peaks out of the window there!

Each one of them stands *twenty-two thousand* feet above the level of the sea, and each looks as though it were fit to throne its Creator;—so pure, and white, and holy, does it appear, rising to the borders of the celestial land.

The horizon, high up, and far away, is girt about with these mighty walls of snow. We are on the cloud-level ourselves, and still these peaks and giant ranges, all white as alabaster, and clothed in sunlight, rise far above and beyond us, with a majesty and beauty inconceivable. Some are like silent sentinels guarding the blue vault of heaven, others are rough crater-like crests, with scarred and serried declivities; and all are connected with an endless chain of snowy cliffs and slopes, and lie radiant and still, in the unbroken solitude of the sky.

We have seen the "Bernese Oberland" view of the Alps, with all its glorious array of peaks, from the dome of Mont Blanc to the cliffs of the fair Jungfrau; and we have dwelt even under the shadow of *Fusiyama's* cone,—but all these have to be put together, to equal the colossal magnificence of those Himalaya peaks yonder.

Nor could they do it even then,—at least in point of size. For starting 70 miles, over there, with 22,000 ft., the range continues to the south and east in a gradually ascending scale, till it culminates in the top of Mt. Everest, 28,000 ft. (and more);—the monarch of the mountain world!

We might put the *base* of *Fusiyama*, on the *snow-line* of some of these giant peaks, and its cone would not even approach the top. In fact, if "*Fusi*" were scooped out, and powdered all over with snow, it would make no more than a good "*night-cap*" for some of these imperial Himalayan heads!

E. W. C.

## THE FAR EAST.

### CHAPTER 8.

#### THE FIRST CONVERTS.

THE brilliant meteor of Christianity then flared across the land for a few short years, leaving after its short but dazzling flash, the darkness more profound, but of which there is little permanent record. Beyond the numerous letters and accounts now read by few but the bookmaker and the curious.

From the time of Arthur's first arrival, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, to the time of the arrival of the first priests, who doubtless were attracted hither by Angiro, a Japanese convert, and by the accounts brought to Manila and Macao by the natives of Japan, (for Arthur's letters as we know were suppressed, or at least not publicly known till long after), the people nearly worn out with continual civil war, hailed with joy the advent of the good and clever men who first arrived; and within a few years, hundreds of foreigners poured into the country, where they were well received. Inter-marriage was common, and even in the present day may be traced much foreign blood in the higher classes. Had the newcomers but kept peace amongst themselves all would have been well; but it was not long ere they quarrelled.

Nobunaga had done as our Harry the 8th did. He made a raid on the native priesthood; and when he was no more, the Christians he had supported as a set-off to the Buddhists had no one to help them. The reaction was violent, and the greedy priests of the Spaniards and Portuguese, were, when in power, not one whit less greedy than the bonzes, and were more overbearing.

We have passed over the oft-told tale of the arrival of Xavier in Japan, and his wonderful success, as also of that of his immediate followers.

The southern provinces appear to have been the field in which the propagandists were most successful, and it is no less a fact, that the success of the priests seemed to be invariably followed by trouble in the ruling of the people. The brief success of the priests and the numerous parties of the natives sent abroad, and their doings, we need not trace further.

In 1573, the Christians in the south subscribed for and founded a chapel in Nagasaki, and in 1574 Nobunaga granted an audience to foreigners at Adzuchi castle. The same year foreign Christians erected a place of worship at Kioto, on the Shi-jo bo-mon-dori.

We must now mention the greatest man of Japanese modern history, Iyeyasu.

The Matzudaira family, chieftains of the province of Mikuni, had become allied to the Tokugawa family, and of this stock he was born in 1532, at Okasaki. He and Hideyoshi Toyotomi were both rising to eminence at this time. He seems to have opposed Hideyoshi at the first, wishing to assist Nobu-O, the son of Nobunaga. Taiko (then Kuambaku Toyotomi) sent repeated friendly invitations to Iyeyasu to visit him, but these were quietly ignored.

THE FAR EAST.



IN THE NEW CEMETERY AT TEN-NO-JI, YANAKA.





At last, he took from Sasa Hiuga-no-Kami, his young wife, a noted beauty; and, adopting her as his sister, bestowed her on Iyeyasu. Her first husband, in shame, died by his own hand (seppuku). Even then Iyeyasu still remained in retirement. Toyotomi sent his mother as a hostage, under the specious pretence of a visit to her adopted daughter; and finally Iyeyasu went to Osaka with a numerous body of retainers.

During the first part of the reign of the 106th Mikado, Michi-Hito, Okimachi Ten-O, (up to 1567), Yoshiteru was Shogun; and the influence of the Ashikaga family rapidly declining, general internal disturbances kept aloof all foreign traders, although frequently ships touched at the towns on the south-east coast of the islands. A ship arrived in 1549 at Bungo Uki harbour. In 1550, at Bungo, Otomo Sorin received large guns. In his family was Christianity first established, through the intervention of one of Arthur's grand-children who had been adopted by him.

An embassy which had been sent to Rome had returned in 1588 in company with Father Valignani, the ambassador from the Portuguese viceroy at Goa.

Nagasaki had prospered exceedingly during this period. The doctrines of christianity were well received and its worship universally practiced there. But unfortunately, the policy of the founders of the Tokugawa power was to make the new creed merely a power to counteract the influence of the Buddhist priests—thereby creating a bitter rivalry between the sects.

In 1587, in the most unexpected manner, the Shogun issued an edict banishing the missionaries, and such of their native converts as would not relapse into the Buddhist observances. Father Cuello and about one hundred and twenty others, were gathered at Hirando, and they resolved upon refusing the order to embark: only a few going over to China. The churches were then destroyed, and many of the priests who had remained in the interior were in great danger, although some of the converted princes remained firm in the new faith.

*Note.*—The student or curious will find lists of the most interesting accounts of these times in Steinmetz' work and in the list appended to the "Treaty Ports Directory," of which the undermentioned are a few:

- 1570 Epistole Japonicæ.
- 1590 Maffin's Hist: Ind. vol. XVI.
- 1623 Tryantius. Triumph of Christianity in Japan.
- 1627 Le Père Francois Solier.

*Note.*—In 1567 the year Yoshiteru died, a ship arrived at Nagasaki,—and again in 1569-70-71—and in Bungo in 1576.

Konishi Setsu-no-Kami, the chief of the naval forces, and Kōdera, the commander of the mounted troops, though professing Christianity kept themselves in favour, and Portuguese merchants were still admitted to trade. The cause of the Shogun's change of policy is attributed to his jealousy of the rapidly growing power of the Christians, and his fear of their opposing his arbitrary exercise of power. Valignani was, therefore received as an ambassador and not as a priest.\* The edict for a time happily became almost a dead letter, the war with Corea drawing off the Shogun's attention.

Father Roderiguez seems to have been the court interpreter about this period.

The Portuguese traders, in pushing their business gave offence to the fathers, and just then the new governors of Nagasaki, not being converts, were very severe on the priests and their followers.

A native called Hirada, who had been to the Philippines, suggested that the governor of these Spanish colonies should be made to acknowledge the sovereignty of Japan over the islands, but fearing to injure the cause of Catholicism, the affair was, as a measure of expediency, simply delayed, instead of being immediately exploded as absurd. The union of the Spanish and Portuguese crowns did not cause any abatement in the jealousy of the natives of Manila and Macao, who were competing for the monopoly of the trade: and the exclusion of Spaniards was broken through by ships crossing the Pacific from Manila to Spanish America, and the feud was kept up in all its bitterness.

It appears that it was intended after the fall of the Ashikaga to revive pure Shinto as the national religion.

The success of the expedition which had been sent by Taico-sama to Corea, mainly led by converts, and containing great numbers of them, was a great day for the priests; but before long the difficulty as to the recognition of the Japanese sovereignty over the Philippines, besides the complaints of the Spaniards and the charges they brought against their rivals, caused an order to be issued to destroy the church at Nagasaki—the last refuge of the fathers. So was the church once more severely oppressed in this year 1592; but the next year, with the secret assistance of the new governor of Nagasaki, they again got a footing. Once more however, the rivalry between the fathers of the different orders drew down upon them persecution.

In 1596, a Spanish ship that fell into the

\* Yoshiteru, in 1569, gave audience to Father Vitela. This is the first instance noted in history of reception of foreigners by a shogun.

hands of the Tosa wreckers, was the cause of further dissension and mutual recrimination between the Jesuits and other orders, and the suspicions excited by these dissensions caused the greatest severity to be exercised.

On the 5th January, 1597, some twenty-four converts had their ears cut off at Miako, and others were similarly treated at Osaka, then sent to Nagasaki, and paraded as a warning to the people, and crucified.

This was followed by an order to deport the missionaries, and for the destruction of more than a hundred places of worship throughout the country.

Taiko died September, 1598. Many fine shrines were erected, in which he was to be worshipped. His infant son he left in charge of Iyeyasu as regent.

(To be continued).

## THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

### THE TEMPLE OF SANNO

IS one of the very popular temples in Tokio. Whether it owes its favour in public estimation to its peculiar sanctity or to its beautiful position we know not, but we are inclined to think the latter. It is on the top of one of the numerous high knolls which are to be found in Yedo and its suburbs, and there is from it a fine view in every direction. At its rear was taken the

#### VIEW OF THE MOAT, AKASAKA, &c.,

which shews that it overlooks these spots, and is itself well within the boundaries of the castle. To the right of this rise the heights on which are placed the old gate—now half demolished—but still known as Akasaka Go Mon—(the Imperial gate of Akasaka), and one of the yashiki or palaces of the Prince of Dewa. The slopes of the ascent are heavily timbered, and at this season of the year, the moat itself is a most attractive feature in the landscape, being almost covered with the lotus in full flower.

#### THE VIEW OF THE UNION CHURCH, TS'KIDJI,

is taken to shew our distant readers the very modest building which was the first erected for the united worship of the Most High by foreigners in Yedo. It was built under the auspices and we believe, mainly if not entirely, with the funds of American Missions, and stands on the Mission lot, the houses to the right of the picture being Missionary residences. The good that is being done by these Missionaries quietly and unostentatiously among the Japanese is beyond all praise. For this is not the only sacred edifice they have built. There is another, recently opened, quite as plain in its appearance as that in the picture—indeed without any spire, and therefore by so much plainer—which is exclusively devoted to the use of native christians, who, with the assis-

tance of the excellent, painstaking Missionary the Reverend David Thompson, manage its affairs themselves, and have formed themselves into "a christian church," not in absolute connection with any sect, but basing itself purely and simply on the Bible. We intended giving an account of the opening services at this church which took place this month; but it is somewhat long, and we are obliged by want of space to postpone it until our next number.

#### THE PAGODA AT TEN-NO-JI, YANAKA.

ABOUT two ri from "the standard" at Nihon-bashi, (the place from whence all distances from Tokio are measured), is situate this fine old Pagoda. It is but a short distance in rear of Ooyeno, and has for many reasons peculiar claims to the regard of the people. The ground once covered with the buildings and gardens of monastical establishments, has been cleared, and only the Pagoda, and

#### THE IMAGE OF NURE BOTOKE,

now remain to mark what it once was. It is now laid out as an immense cemetery, every allotment for graves being marked by light bamboo fences: and it is really as fine a space and site for such a purpose as can be desired. The image portrayed, now stands alone in its glory. It is not so large as the great Daibutez at Kamakura, being only about 18 feet high; but altogether the spot has a beauty and a solemnity about it worthy of all admiration.

#### THE AVENUE IN THE NEW CEMETERY AT YANAKA,

is one of the pretty features of the spot; and dwellers in Yedo, who have not too many nice drives to take, may add this to their number with pleasure and advantage.

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# THE FAR EAST.

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## NARRATIVE OF THE REVIVAL OF ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

FUKKO-YUME MONOGATARI.

### SECTION XVII.

THE assembly of ronin alluded to in the last section, as having taken place at Ginzan in Tajima province, was headed by Hirano Jiro, who was one of those who accompanied the seven kugé to Choshu. He persuaded one of them, Sawa Noriyoshi, to enter Kioto by force and expel the Prince of Aidzu, the shoshidai. In the tenth month, he left the harbour of Mitajiri in Suwo, with many followers, and, as soon as he arrived at Tajima, he reared his standard in a monastery where many more awaited him. He advanced upon the government stores at the Ginzan where he drove the officials before him, seized on all the provisions, and established himself there; but the next day he was attacked, defeated, and compelled to retreat; and Sawa was shut up in the Mio-ken-zan with four hundred men. His soldiers were divided in opinion, some wishing to defend their present position, others to enter Kioto at all hazards. Hirano Jiro was among the latter. In the dead of the night, he and Sawa with a fair following, left the mountain and made their way in the direction of Kioto; but

they were encountered at Toyogawa ford, and violently attacked. Hirano and a large proportion of the followers were captured, and the number who lost their lives was great. Sawa escaped with difficulty and managed to reach Choshu in safety; but those who had remained in the mountain met a similar fate to that of their companions who had essayed to reach the metropolis.

Thus was this tumult put down with a high hand.

Mori, Prince of Choshu, now addressed the following letter to his subjects:—

"Notwithstanding the distinctions of high and low, lord and vassal, we are all people of one Empire, and the property of the Mikado. Our faithful service is therefore due to him. If I should be negligent in my duty to him, you should blame me with all your might.

"It is the duty of the Shogun to sweep away foreign barbarians from the Empire; but if he neglect to discharge the service he is appointed to by the Mikado, we, the daimios must obey the imperial orders, even at the risk of our lives. The Tokugawa government has taken no care of its duties, and its cowardly officers have rendered nugatory all my faithful service to the Emperor, by slandering me as a traitor. So it is that none of my family or retainers are permitted to enter Kioto. There is nothing more mortifying to me than this dishonesty which casts a stain on my house for ever.

"But now, you, my faithful clansmen, never forget that we belong to the Empire, and it is our duty to die for our Emperor and our country."

The circulation of this address throughout Suwo and Nagato, the dominions of the Choshu clan, produced an immense excitement; and all resolved to commence a war against the foreign barbarians, and to die, if necessary, for their lord.

It was whilst this excitement prevailed in Choshu, that tidings came of a great fire having broken out in Yedo on the 15th of the 11th month. It burnt down a large portion of the city, and entirely swept away that part of the castle occupied as the residence of the Shogun. This has never been rebuilt, and there exist now only some of the gates and the stone walls.

Previous to this time when the houses of the traders were burnt down, it was a matter of pride to have them rebuilt quickly, and it was considered a very honorable thing to be among the first in effacing the traces of the calamity, and in recommencing business operations. But the circumstances of the times were now of such a character, that none cared to rebuild their houses, and for a long time the grass was allowed to grow, and the whole space remained deserted.

A few days after this misfortune a still greater one appeared, which threatened all the people of the Empire.

An envoy arrived from America in Yedo and declared to the Tokugawa government, that according to the law of nations, the closing of the open ports would be followed by war. He pressed for an immediate decision; but ultimately a delay of a year was obtained.\*

Towards the end of the same month, there broke out a fire in Osaka which continued to burn for three days and nights. There was a very strong wind blowing the whole time, and 14,500 public and private buildings in the city, and four suburban villages, were laid in ashes. All these events happened in the 10th and 11th months. (November 12th, 1863, to January 8th, 1864.)

Things were thus in a most hapless condition both east and west; but the chief interest centred in the proceedings of the Choshu clan. A retainer of Mori, named Ibara, attempted to present a memorial to

\* This is translated literally; but what it alludes to we do not understand.—Ed. F. E.

the Mikado in behalf of the clan, imploring pardon for having fired upon the gate of the imperial palace. He was not allowed to approach any nearer to the city than Fushimi, where he was strictly watched. The memorial was with difficulty sent to Kioto; and its exact terms did not transpire. The prayer of it was refused by the Tokugawa ministers, who regarded Mori as a traitor. Some of the daimios proposed to the government to accede to the desires of the clan, on the chief sending the heads of his three principal ministers. But the Tokugawa officers would be satisfied with nothing less than the destruction of his whole house.

These events were followed by the resignation of Takatsukasa, the kuambaku, who was succeeded by Niho Toshiyoshi.

It was determined now to make a strong appeal to foreign countries. Ikeda Chikugonokami, Kawadzu Idzumi-no-kami and Kawadz Sagami-no-kami were dispatched to England and France to counsel the closing of the open ports. They returned before the close of the year, having been totally unsuccessful in their mission; and were consequently imprisoned in their own residences.

The ronin were now so scattered over the country, that it was forbidden by the Tokugawa government that anyone should travel through the country without a passport.

At this juncture a fresh trouble arose through the increased hostility of the Satsuma and Choshu clans. Towards the end of the previous year, a merchant steamer belonging to Satsuma anchored at Tanno-ura, Buzen. Though the Choshu men knew to whom it belonged, they fired upon it and destroyed it, under pretence of believing it belonged to foreigners. Thirty Satsuma men were killed; and when this outrage became known to the clan, they, from the highest to the lowest, were filled with indignation, and resolved to be revenged. Preparations were made to this end; but the government persuaded them to leave to it the punishment of the Choshu; and the latter sent an apology by a special messenger, confessing and expressing regret for their crime, and so the affair rested. But thenceforward the two clans were more than ever estranged.



The Shogun embarked on board of the *Choyo-maru* at Shinagawa, in the 11th month of this year, and landing at Uraga reviewed his artillery, returning to Yedo on the following day.

The epoch of Bunkiu ended with this year, and that of Genji commenced (8th February, 1864). It was customary for the daimios on such occasions to make a congratulatory visit to the Shogun, and in Kioto to the Mikado. A great banquet was prepared for them; and everywhere the military class held high festival, drinking the health of the Mikado and the Shogun. Thus, ordinarily, great rejoicings prevailed throughout the Empire, particularly at the eastern and western capitals. But, on this occasion, there was a settled gloom over the whole country, and none of the usual mirthfulness was seen. The great festival of the first New year's day of the new era passed off without any of the pleasant ceremonials which had been the universal rule; happiness appeared to have become a stranger in the land.

The first act of the New year was the presenting to the Mikado, by Tottori, a daimio of Inaba province, of the following memorial:—

"It had been appointed that the foreign barbarians should be driven from the empire on the 10th day of the 5th month of last year; and those who were most ardent in the desire of crushing them started with joy on hearing it proclaimed that His Majesty the Mikado would himself attend the council of war and the preparations in the province of Yamato. But alas, we, the truest patriots, are greatly disappointed at the sudden change in the imperial arrangements, caused by the crafty and cowardly officers of the Tokugawa Government. When the proclamations, on which we are expected to act, are changed so easily and so frequently, what are we to do? Although Mori has been sent back to his own territories, and taken Sanjo and other six kugé with him he had no intention of rebelling against the Mikado. He was only angry at the slothfulness and cowardice of the Shogun and his officers. It would be better therefore to allow Mori and the seven kugé to return to Kioto to punish the disobedient. They are full of patriotism. It is our desire, by their means, to cut off all the foreign barbarians."\*

On the 11th January, the Shogun arrived at Hiogo, and at once proceeded to Kioto, taking up his residence at the castle of Nijo, where he was received to Yechizen Chiujo, who awaited him with a summons from the

\* During the present month there have been published in Yokohama two pamphlets, one entitled "Kagoshima," and the other "Shimonoseki," both written by a foreigner resident in Yedo. Their

Mikado. The Shogun went up to the palace on the 20th, attended by Hitotsubashi, Aizsu, and forty eight other daimios. A great discussion was held, and the Shogun received the following imperial orders:

"The existence of the empire depends upon the present crisis. The interior is like a large wild tree, dead at the root, and the exterior is often attacked by barbarians who intend to become masters of the empire. The first thing to do in such troublous times, is to select the wisest and most loyal men as advisers of the Shogun. The four daimios Aizsu, Shimadzu, Yechizen and Tosa should be promoted to this duty."

The Shogun was further ordered to punish the crime of Mori, prince of Choshu, as he thought best.

Mori now sent an address to the Emperor, declaring that he would fire upon any ships of foreign build, which attempted to pass his dominions; and his vassals declared their resolution to take up arms against the Tokugawa Government, in behalf of their lord. All the Choshu strongholds were fortified, and reinforced with many soldiers.

In the province of Sawo was one of those places, called Murotsu. In the beginning of

object is to give the Japanese version of these affairs—the battle of Kagoshima, and the battle of Shimonoseki—and of the circumstances which led to them. Of course therefore they represent the Japanese in the most amiable light possible, and the foreigners in the blackest. One nationality comes in for a special castigation; but of the Japanese, one does not know which to admire most, the Satsuma clan, the Choshu clan or the Tokugawa government. The "Narrative of the Revival of the Ancient customs," which we are giving a translation of, more particularly those sections which appeared in our July number and that which is printed above, is from the pen of a Japanese writer who publishes the story under the title of "Fukko-yuné Monogatari." There is much in the narrative that is incorrect, either in fact or as to the order of occurrence; but the spirit that actuated the Satsuma and Choshu clans (of whom the two pamphlets chiefly treat), is abundantly evident. We shall not quote the pamphlets, nor further allude to them; for although we give the writer credit for sincerity, and for an honest desire to serve the Japanese, our opinion is that the pamphlets are calculated to do no good whatever, and very much harm. They revive the memory of disagreements long since forgotten by most of those who were mixed up in them, and absolutely unknown to nine-tenths of those who have since come to Japan or who now hear or read of, and pay any attention to, its condition and progress; and they give occasion to all who remember the disquietude and actual danger of "life in Japan" at the times they allude to, to recall and to relate the circumstances which forced on foreign Ministers the course they took. It had been far better had the author of the pamphlet "let sleeping dogs slumber."—Ed. F. E.

February, a merchant ship belonging to Satsuma happened to anchor there. She was loaded with silk and tea, and was bound to Osaka (or Yokohama) to trade with foreigners. Two of the Choshu men named Midzui and Yamamoto who were among the guards stationed here, went on board under cover of night, killed the captain, named Otani, made all the other persons land, and then set fire to the ship. They then left their own camp and went up to Osaka, carrying with them the head of the captain preserved in brine. On their arrival in the city, they exposed the head at the front gate of the temple of Honganji, with a long scroll under it, reviling the Satsuma clan for secretly trading with foreigners. They then committed hara-kiri on the stone steps near the gate.

Early in May, the Shogun returned to Yedo, to make preparations for the expedition against Mori.

*The end of Fukko-yume Monogatari.*

The translator writes:—

"The *Fukko-yume Monogatari* abruptly closes here; so that the title is falsified. As, however, I have an intimate friend who served in the Choshu seibatsu (the expedition above alluded to), I will ask him to write an account of it for the *Far East*; and I will then endeavour to compile a history of the subsequent events myself, from materials I either have at hand or can obtain access to."

The abrupt termination of the "narrative," coupled with the long delay which took place between the first and second books, will serve to illustrate to our readers a peculiar feature of the Japanese character. They enter upon an undertaking with spirit, but are frequently incapable of sustained effort.—Ed. F. E.

#### PEREGRINATIONS OF A PERIPATETIC.

##### CHAPTER I.

I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze.  
*Hamlet.*

MY name is—Peter—Oh! well, it's sure to come out some time or other, so it may just as well first as last:—Possible! Yes, Peter Possible—that's my name. Ha? you doubt it? I thought so; but it's true for all that. At any rate it's as near my real name as I am disposed to reveal. Why, I should like to ask, should my schoolfellows always call me "Old Possible," if it wasn't my name? No, it's no argument at all, that they didn't call my brother "Young Possible." They didn't know I had a brother. How should they? He wasn't there! Well, you needn't be so particular; I didn't even know it myself. In fact, I hadn't one.

And now, perhaps, you want to know my birthplace, parentage and education. I shall not fully gratify your wish. 'Tis no use your asking

Who was my father?  
Who was my mother?

Suffice it, that

I had no sister;  
Nor had I a brother;

But, Ah! yes!

A nearer one  
Still, and a dearer one  
Far, than all other.

For my birthplace—how can it interest you? Nay, press me not. I am a Scotchman. For the rest, I have been and still am a wanderer, and few can say with greater truth than I,

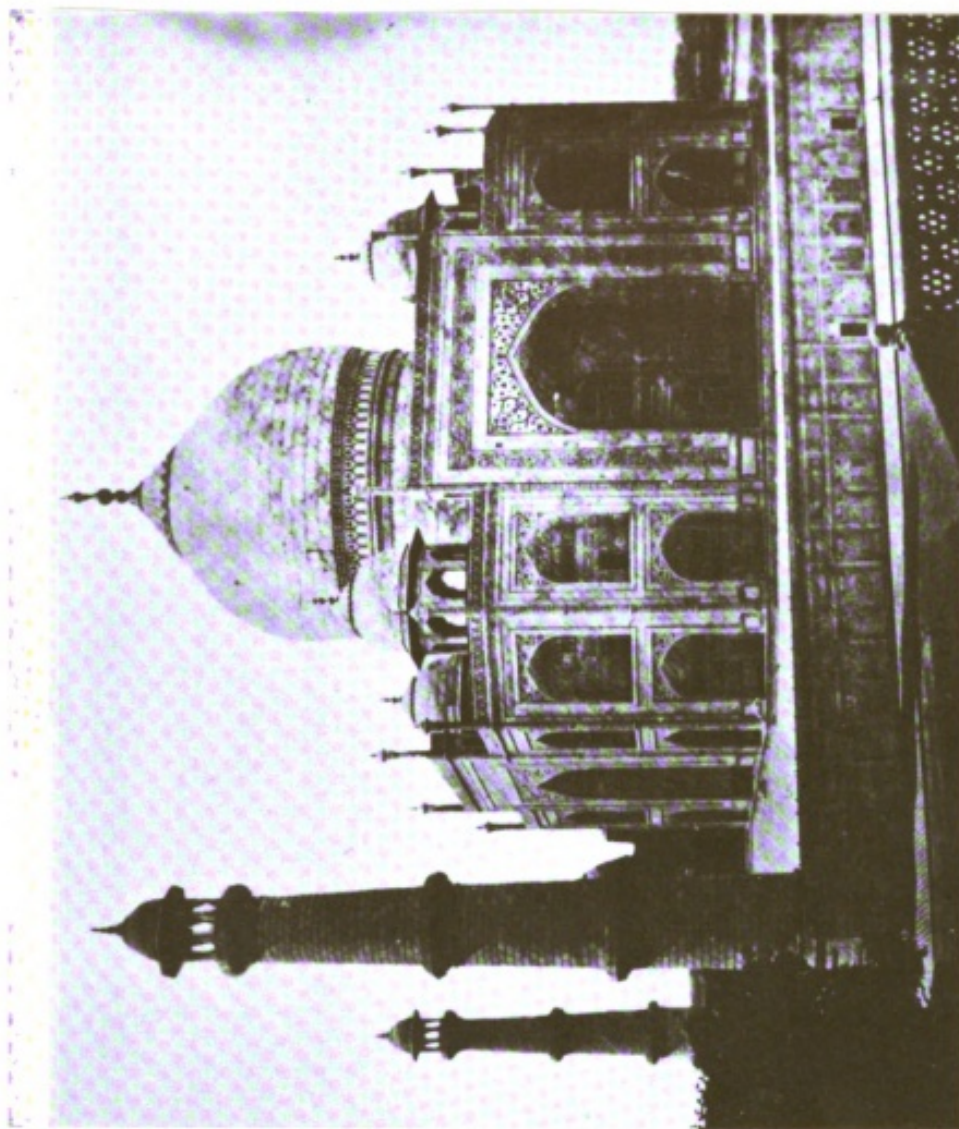
"Creation's round—the world—the world's my home".

I'm essentially a peripatetic p——, ah, I was going to add 'hilosopher—but *cui bono*?

Call me simply Peter Possible, a peripatetic. Thus while honouring we with the titular fraternity of Aristotle, who knows but the world may decide that I am equally worthy of immortality. At all events it is a good title, and there is much in that. Bear with me then as I perpetuate my precious peregrinations.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity." Probably it was a kind of adversity that led to my being what I am; but, if so I knew nothing of it. For I knew not the day of my father's, nor of my mother's death; and, though the loss of parents must be considered the greatest misfortune that can befall a child, I was never permitted to feel the loss of mine. No descendant of Adam had ever greater reason than I to bless the day, whatever calamity accompanied it, that consigned me to the care of her, to whom alone my memory reaches as everything the fondest mother could be to the very best of children. I was

THE FAR EAST.



THE TAJ, AT AGRA.



not the best of children; but I never can bring myself to believe that my kind protectress, my maiden aunt, was not the very best of women. All I can say is that she has been my standard through life, and I have never seen any one who came up to it. She must have been a few years on the shady side of thirty, when she took me under her charge; and, what a bright, joyous, intelligent, tender, affectionate creature she was. I never heard anything about lovers having sought her in earlier years, nor of soul-scathing disappointments; but, often since I have been of mature age I have wondered how it was possible for such a being to have remained single. She was, perhaps, never what men would call a beauty; but she was certainly nice-looking, her face beaming as it were with sunshine. She was not a novelist's heroine—dashing in action, sparkling in conversation, surpassing all rivals in accomplishments, matchless in grace, perfect in the elegance and taste of her personal adornment—in a word, peerless in all mental and physical attractions. No; nothing of this kind. And, yet dropping all the superlatives,

• • • • "she beams on the sight  
"Graceful and fair, like a being of light;  
"Scatters around her wherever she strays  
"Roses of Bliss, on our thorn-covered ways;  
"Roses of Paradise, fresh from above,  
"To be gathered and twined in a garland of love."

Such was the woman to whom my earliest and my fondest memory rushes. She was what was called "an independent lady" in those days: having an income of some three or four hundred pounds a year from the funds, and living in her own little house standing in its own little garden "in a village near skirting the sea."

Before my advent I believe she had lived with my parents, her income then being much less. But as fate would have it, a legacy came to her just after my father's death, and with a portion of the money she purchased the cottage, and took her sister, my mother, to live with her. They had scarcely established themselves in their new home before I came into the world, and my poor mother went out of it; and so it happens that I have nothing to say of father, mother, sister or brother. But my aunt, my

good, kind, thoughtful, cheery, loving maiden aunt, became to me the

• • • • "nearer one  
"Still, and the dearer one  
"Far, than all other."

Through life she has been the object of my strongest love, my most unbounded admiration. And I am not ashamed to admit that though she has long since,

• • • • "cross'd that unknown river,  
"Life's dreary bound;"

and though I am one of those beings so delectable (or detestable) to young ladies,

"a rusty, fusty, cross old bachelor,"

still I never lay my head on my pillow without thinking of her, and often very often moistening that pillow with my tears, as I ask,

"Like her, where shall I find another,  
The world around?"

My earliest reminiscences are thus associated with nothing but the completest happiness and enjoyment: and, any one who knew me in those days would have probably angured for me a career the very reverse of that which has actually been allotted to me. To myself even, I am a puzzle; for I hardly can explain to my own satisfaction how it has come to pass that I have been such a wanderer. 'Twas my aunt who "taught my infant lips to pray;" who taught my manhood's steps to stray, I really cannot tell. But since straying from clime to clime has been my fate, I will mention one circumstance to which I attribute more than to anything else the fact that I have, amid some strange chances and changes, now up now down, avoided many dangers and been comparatively scatheless in numerous trials and temptations. It was my aunt's custom every morning to read the psalms and lessons of the day as appointed by the Church of England rubric. As long as I recollect anything, I remember her placing me by her side, and reading them to me; and when I went to school, she took the occasion of her coming into my room the last night before I left home, (it was her invariable custom to kiss me and take away my candle), to sit by my bedside in the almost total darkness, and to talk to me sweetly and tenderly, in words which if the majority are forgotten, some were deeply impressed upon my heart, and are irradicable. I fancy I still hear her gentle



voice speaking to me. She was at all times full of anecdote and quotation, sometimes grave sometimes gay, but always delightful; but now she told me what I might expect to find the life at school; and warned me against falling into carelessness and indifference about my religious duties.

"My little Peter," she said, "must remember that he has never awoke in the morning or lain down at night without addressing the language of prayer and praise to the Father of the fatherless. Nor has any day passed since he was old enough to listen, without his hearing the word of God." She then continued solemnly:—"You are too young, my dear, to extract a promise from; but I ask you never to allow a day to escape without reading a portion of the bible, however small." And she added with a feeling and an emphasis I can never forget,

"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!  
 "And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!  
 "Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
 "Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
 "They never sought in vain who sought the Lord aright."

I did not know these lines at the time, nor was I acquainted with the very name of their author; but when I came across them in the "Cottar's Saturday night" long afterwards, with what emotion did I read them! From thence I date my affection for the great bard of my country, a small volume of whose works I have ever since kept constantly by me.

To my aunt's appeal to my childish feelings, I was far too much moved to make any reply; but I resolved that though she had not asked me for any promise, I would respect her wish as faithfully as if she had. Many years have elapsed since then. I do not pretend that I have never omitted a day's reading from that time to this; but I do say that the omissions have been rare, and generally unavoidable. I have often-times been a wanderer in more senses than one, but I have always been kept from going so far from the straight path as otherwise I might, by the necessity my conscience imposed upon me of going before the great Judge before I slept. I have more than once or twice sat long without putting out my candle, because I dreaded lest I should be adjudged as a hypocrite. But I had at length

to open my book; and this I esteem to have been the great safeguard of my whole life.

My peripatetic propensities commenced long before I left home: for my aunt had the good sense not to pin me to her apron strings; and, as she was constantly herself going about among the villagers doing good, and I frequently accompanied her, I was a well-known and, for her sake, a popular character everywhere. The county families all visited and respected her, and the country-people revered her, and so it was that no house or cottage was closed against me.

I was one day on the jetty which was the best landing place our village could afford. It was built of stone and ran about a hundred yards down the smooth sloping sands into the sea, to a depth of about a fathom or a fathom and a half of water when the tide was lowest. I had been playing with several of my village companions all the afternoon, and now, about four o'clock, when they had gone home and left me alone, a pleasure sailing boat, owned by a few of the well-to-do fishermen, and kept by them for the purpose of letting out to gentlemen in the neighbourhood, or to any one else who might desire it, either for a short sail or a coasting trip, hove in sight, and coming up fast before the wind, rounded to and anchored within a stone's throw of where I stood. A small boat was rocking at the side of the jetty close to me, and I had turned to make some boyish remark to the young fisherman who sat in the stern holding the scull in his hand, and evidently waiting for some one, when I found two of my senses suddenly appealed to simultaneously.

"Why, its little Peter, I declare;" were the words I heard. And, at the same instant I felt a hand under my breech, and another on the nape of my neck, and I was gently but swiftly raised and swooped into the boat. A film seemed to pass over my eyes for the moment, but I recovered as quickly, when the same voice continued:—"We'll take him with us, it'll be a treat for him. Come along little man, and sit down by me."

This was delightful. The speaker was one of the blithest of all the young gentry of the country side, and his companion a visitor from a distance, about his own age,



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and who looked a fair match for him in all that betokened health and spirits.

It never occurred to me whether it was right or wrong for me to go—it seemed that, of course, if this fine young fellow, who was a great favourite with my aunt, chose to take me for a sail, there was no question, no doubt, about it.

"Oh, Mr. Alick, will you really let me go?" I asked, as I brightly looked up in his face and prepared to obey him.

"Yes, sit still; we'll soon be aboard." And then, as if bethinking himself, he turned as the boat cast off from the jetty, and shouted to one of the men who had been standing by:—"Oh! Logie; do me the favour to go to Miss Forman's, and tell her that Master Possible's with me; and that I'll take care of him."

And thus, for the first time in my life, I was separated from my dear aunt.

I did not return for nearly a week; and this was the way of it.

We were soon on board the sailing boat, and a few minutes later were bowling along, close-hauled and lying well over, in the direction of a promontory about ten miles distant, on the other side of which, at the distance of about five miles, was an island, whereon resided some half dozen families: one of which was that of a small laird, the proprietor of the island; and the rest were his tenants. The sail over the bounding water on that pleasant autumn evening, is one of the most delightful memories of my life. I was only seven years old. Many a sail, aye many a voyage have I made since then, the incidents of which have totally passed from my mind; but of that sail and that "outing" altogether, I remember every incident, and seem to feel every emotion, as freshly as ever. It is not to be imagined that my reminiscences of them would be of any sufficient interest to my readers; but to me they are memorable for more reasons than one. At home, no well-cared-for child could be less restrained than I. Yet it was a curious sense of freedom I enjoyed, as I found myself sailing away from the village out of whose boundaries I had never slept before, and conscious that the watchful eyes of my aunt's household would not follow all

my movements that night. For on sending the message to my aunt, Alick Murray had put his arm round me, and drawn me close to him on the seat as he said, "Now Peter, Auntie will be satisfied when she knows you're with me. We are going to spend Hallowe'en at old Mintrie's, and shall not be back until to-morrow morning. You're not a fraid, are you?"

"No!" replied I; I'm not afraid."

I never thought whether my aunt would be, or anything about her. I only thought it was very jolly, that I was quite a man, and that Alick Murray was one of the wonders of the world.

"No! you're not afraid, I know; and you'll have such lots of little companions to play with that you won't like to come away."

Well, we reached the island in safety at about seven o'clock, and the laird o' Mintrie with a troop of young and old people were on the beach awaiting us. I was proud of the welcome given to Alick and to his companion. All had been waiting and longing for their arrival, for nothing could be done and no fun set afoot without Alick.

"Twas he wha could charm wi the wauf o' his tongue;

"Could cheer up the auld and enliven the young."

And as for me, the youngsters seized hold of me; and oh! what a night we made of it!

## CHAPTER 2.

Music!—oh, how faint, how weak!  
Language fades before thy spell!

Moore.

I should lay no stress on this childish visit, but that it, in one respect, may have been the means of helping me over a dead-lift on several occasions.

Every one has read or heard of the glories of Hallowe'en. This was the first time I had ever shared in its celebration; for, in our quiet cottage, beyond burning nuts together we never took any special notice of it. My aunt was always full of fun and used to sing to me hour after hour, and to tell the raciest stories on all occasions; but though our observance of public festivals was never neglected, it was very quiet; and never had I seen the like of what I now took part in. A wee lassie, little Jessie, the youngest daughter of the laird, and just ages with me, paired off with me,

and all the enchantments our elders evoked, we had also to try, to our unbounded delight. But the great charm of the evening to me was the performance of a fiddler who had been hired for the occasion from the mainland, and who resided about a mile from my aunt's cottage. I knew him well; but I had never heard him play as he did this night. Reels and strathspeys, country dances and the "Haymakers," followed one another in quick succession. The excitement of the dancers communicated itself to us younglings; and for myself, it fairly carried me to the seventh heaven. Oh, how can I recount the joyousness of that night? I, a child plunged suddenly into such a scene for the first time, never having pictured anything of the kind to myself, and half dazed with the merriment and the music. I remember lads and lassies going together into the nail yard, and I remember having to go and draw a "runt" myself with little Jess. I remember even now how my hero, Alick, was followed wherever he went by the eyes of all the girls both gentle and simple, and how he claimed a kiss in the open market from more than one, as only such as he could claim, and how the lassies struggled and fought for the very pleasure of having him toying with them; but, not one refused to yield; and, not one neglected to present her lips at last, and to give as well as take.

How or when the merriment ceased, I do not remember. All I do know is, that the next morning I awoke with the strangest sensation I had ever experienced. I opened my eyes, and looked up from my pillow. I was in a room I never had seen before; no nice comfortable little cot enclosing me; no kind auntie to greet me; no neat handmaid to help me to dress; no blind to the single window. Two boys were sleeping soundly on one bed made up like mine upon the floor. It was some time before I could collect myself sufficiently to realize my strange position. But gradually the doings of the previous night came to my mind, and I remembered where I was. I got up and looked out of the window: and how dull and cold and desolate all looked. The house stood in what was on three sides a pleasant garden; but the fourth was a drying ground with posts and ropes

for hanging clothes on; and this reached down to the rocky shore and was bounded by the sea. It also happened that it was on the western side of the island, so that whilst from either of the other three sides the mainland could be seen in the distance, on this fourth side the vision caught nothing but the horizon.

Then too, I perceived that the lovely evening had been succeeded by one of those disagreeable drizzly mornings which most persons find to damp the spirits more than almost anything else can; and I may not pretend that I felt as happy in the morning as I had overnight. I had always been accustomed to rise early; so I proceeded mechanically to put on my clothes—but oh! how comfortless. No nice clean things placed all ready for me: no wash-stand and basin with water and soap for my use. I must confess I felt most thoroughly miserable; and I believe I should have fairly blubbered, albeit not naturally a blubbering boy, had not the door opened, and Alick's fresh cheerful voice cried out,

"Up, up, up, boys. Halloo! all asleep? No—why, Peter laddie, you're an example to us all. Up and dressed, I declare. Come, you young islanders, rouse about. 'Arn't you ashamed to let this wean have the start o' ye?"

"Oh! its Alick;" shouted one joyfully; and bursting from the depths of a heavy sleep into the widest of wide-awaked-ness, without any yawning, or stretching or eye-rubbing, he bounded out of bed on to Alick's back; whilst the other jumped up just in time to see Alick gallop out of the room with the boy pic-a-back. A moment after a scream of laughter called us to the window, from whence we saw Alick in the act of prancing up to a large washing-tub full of water, into which he quietly shunted his burden. I gave a faint cry—not a scream, luckily. I supposed that it was a sheer piece of cruelty; but what was my surprise to see the boy who had risen last, rush out of the room—not one syllable had either said to me—and in a minute appear on the green below, in his night-shirt, with a piece of yellow soap and a towel, and the two boys proceeded to their morning's ablutions in the tub, splash-

ing one another noisily, utterly regardless of whomsoever might be gazing upon them from the windows. How different to what I had always been accustomed to! I was dreading lest they should come back and tell me I must follow their example; when Alick came in and said as gently as a woman could,

"Now, Peter my boy; that kind of thing isn't for you and me. These young chaps are amphibious. They are as much in the sea as on the land all the summer, and are often for hours up to their loins in the torrents, fishing. Besides which, in this drizzling climate of theirs they are more often wet than dry. You come with me. All's upside-down to-day, as the boys have given up their room and their bed to me for the occasion; so come along and I'll see and get some warm water for you."

"I don't want warm water, Mr. Alick, thank you," said I. "I never have warm water, except on Wednesday and Saturday nights; and if I may only use the basin and your towel I'll do very well; only I don't like to go down to breakfast in those dirty clothes."

Dirty clothes! I didn't get any others, except a clean shirt and a pair of socks for nearly a week. We were to have left for home in the sailing-boat after a one o'clock dinner; but there came on a dense sea fog, and we waited for it to rise. It continued all the afternoon, however, and Alick and his friend were easily persuaded to wait until the morning. And such a morning! The wind had risen in the night, and the sea was far too wild and angry for our little bark to tempt it. We had therefore to make a virtue of necessity and stay where we were.

The fiddler had stayed to take passage in our boat, so was of course like ourselves, detained. In the afternoon the laird's young people and myself had got round him, and he played to us until we were called off to tea, giving us not only merry dance tunes, but those plaintive melodies which were so familiar to me from my aunt's singing, and which, now, as Davie played them, seemed to tear my very heart-strings. Davie must have seen how they affected me; for after a while, he seemed to forget the presence of the others, except so far as now and then to play a lilt for their especial amusement; and then he would again look at me, and play the airs he evidently himself liked best, and watch the effect they produced on me. It was when the tea was announced, and we were breaking up our little party, that Davie said to me, "You must come sometimes and see me, and I'll teach you to play the fiddle too."

This was the first idea I ever had of learning music. It was little enough that ever I attained; but however poor were my musical powers, it was my fiddle as I have said that was the means of helping me over a dead lift on several occasions since.

Four more days were we detained upon the island; and each day, I sought every opportunity of getting to Davie, and listening to and wondering at his marvellous performance. He used to put his fiddle into my hands too, and try to teach me to hold it, but it was many a day before I could graft it with firmness and without effort. Jessie, however, when she found that Davie had greater attractions for me than she had, and saw me trying to take the instrument in hand, called me "old fiddling Peter," a sobriquet that the whole family adopted for me, and among them it sticks to me to this day.

At last the gale moderated, the sea went down, and we were able to leave the island. In spite of the weather, and the impossibility of a child like me leaving the house during the greater portion of the time, I look back upon those six days, as to a bright starting place in life; and I often now ask myself whether the island was really as romantic, the people were really as joyous and light-hearted, and Davie's fiddling was really as wonderful as my memory paints them?

"Oh! days of pure delight  
You should never pass away."

We reached our jetty in good time, and as our cottage lay in the route of both Alick and his friend and Davie, they stopped ere passing, to see me delivered safe and sound to my Auntie. It will give a good idea of her character, that she had not one word of reproach for me for playing truant from home, nor for Alick for taking me. On the contrary she welcomed me with the fondest embrace, and thanked Alick for his kindness in protecting me, and his thoughtfulness in sending to tell her where I was. She knew I was safe with him, and of course she required no one to tell her that not having returned before the storm arose, it was impossible to expect us until it abated. And so he departed; and I was once more left to the enjoyment of my happy home. From this time I found my way to Davie's cottage always two or three times a week, and sometimes oftener. I didn't at first tell my aunt, for I thought I would try and give her an agreeable surprise.

Davie had only one fiddle, but he walked one day a long way to borrow one for me from the mother of a deceased friend of his who used to be a kind of crony langsyne. I soon be-



gan to show progress; for to my own native love of music were added the spirit of emulation inspired by my master: and of love, impelling me to try hard that I might gladden my aunt. In six months I could play many simple airs from note, and I told Davie that I hoped by next Halloween, just twelve months from our first meeting, to be able to play the part of a troubadour.

On the following 31st October, therefore, in accordance with the plan I had devised, I dressed myself with Davie's assistance in clothes rather the worse for wear, belonging to a lad of my own size, the son of a neighbouring cottar. I had no shoes and stockings on my feet nor cap upon my head, but a red cotton handkerchief was tied round my neck and over my mouth as if to keep out the cold night air, and my face was marked so as to make detection difficult. About 7 o'clock, when it was quite dark I had slipped outside and put these things on in a tool-house in the garden; and then, with Davie's eyes upon me, I took my fiddle, went under the parlour window, and commenced to play my aunt's favourite tune "The flow'rs o' the forest." I got through it, played a short symphony and began it again, when I saw the curtains partially drawn aside, and my aunt's form in the act of peering out into the darkness trying to catch a glimpse of the musician. The curtain closed, and I heard the door of the room open and my aunt's voice at the foot of the stairs, calling,

"Peter; Peter dear; come down and listen. Peter."

But no Peter answered. Then cried she to the servants;—

"Bell; Maggie; is Peter with you?"

"No, ma'am, he's no here i' the kitchen."

With that my auntie went up stairs and looked into my bedroom, and called out again, enquiring if they knew what had become of me; but no one knew anything about me. I was in the parlour with my aunt only half an hour before, and my disappearance was most unaccountable.

I waited a few seconds, and struck up another of her own melodies—"The rigs o' barley;" and again she came and tried, by putting her eyes close to the glass and using her hand as a shade, to see what like a creature was thus serenading her.

"Bell, it's a poor laddie; take him in and give him some supper;" I heard her say.

I struck a preliminary chord, and turned the melody to "My daddie is a canker'd carle," and the curtain this time was thrust aside vigorously, and the effort to penetrate the darkness seemed greater than ever. I had just time to finish the air when the front door opened, and Bell called out,

"Wha's there? Come laddie—Tuts, ye needna rin." For Davie, directly he saw the door open, made a bolt out of the front garden gate, and she heard the sound of it turning on its hinges. To create a diversion for him, I moved quickly to the gate, and was about to strike up another tune, when Bell's voice reached my ear.

"I'm no rinnin', ma'am;" I said in the broadest accent I could assume. "I'm a puir laddie wi' a mither fit-sair an' weary waitin on me. I'll no come ben; but please gie 's a sma' bit o' bread or oatcake, and I'll be thankfu' for't."

"Gude sake!" cried Bell, "wha are ye? Come ben, laddie. Is't yer mither ye say? Rin and bring her in. Eh, Mistress, it's a puir laddie wi' a distressed mither; an' his voice just gae through and through me—it's sae like our Peter. Come awa, laddie; and bring your mither wi ye."

And the good creature came to the front door again to call me. My original plan was to excite their sympathy and appear before them as a beggar be-, but I changed my mind, and thought it could be better to get myself dressed, and to appear innocent of the whole affair, and so hear the opinions as to the performance, before I declared myself. I had therefore seized the opportunity of Bell's turning to speak to my aunt, to run into the tool house to divest myself of my disguise. A fancy however, came over me that when I didn't answer to Bell's call, she would come out and look for me, and probably might peer into this retreat; so I bundled up my own things with my fiddle and was about running with them to the back door to enter the cottage and try to get quietly up to my own room unobserved when Bell descried me—and setting up a cry, ran round after me.

"Ah! ye little Corinthian, is't sae ye'd play the midnight prowler? Ah! ye'll no escape, y' imp o' darkness. Early is't for you to play the game o' robbery and assassination. Maggie, Maggie, rin roun' by the back door, an' ye'll catch him."

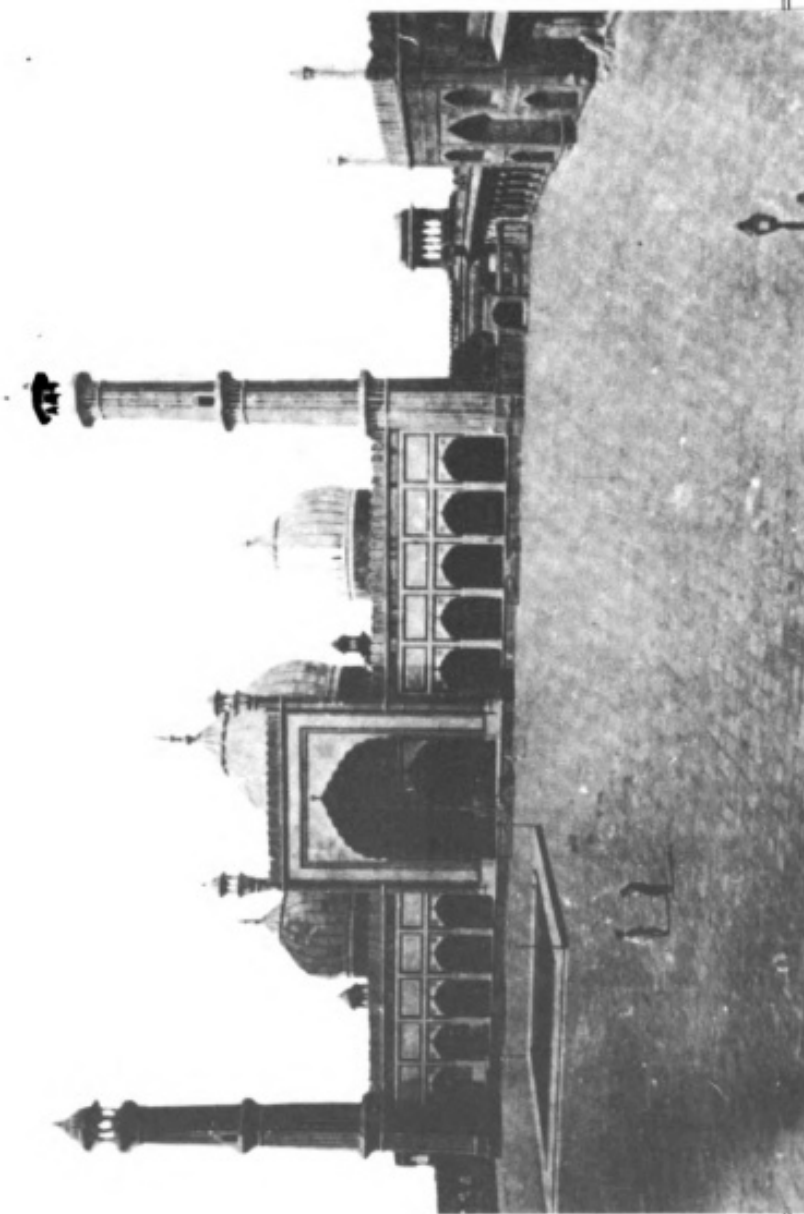
And sure enough as I opened the door and was about to enter, Maggie caught me in her arms.

"Here Bell, Mistress, I hae grippit the laddie. Oh! you puir raggit wean, to be siccan a sinner! D'ye ken ye'll gang to the tolbooth? Whar's yer mither? Did she teach ye to break the auchth commandment?" And so she dragged me by the wrist into the kitchen, ejaculating all the way.

"Gude sauf us," cried Bell "What's he dune wi' our Peter? See here, he's got a' our wean's claes. Laddie! laddie! Eh,



THE FAR EAST.



THE JUMMA MUSJID, DELHI.

